Hannigram Fluff Therapy

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Hannigram Fluff Therapy

by peacefrog

Summary

A collection of fluffy prompt fills.

Notes

These are dark times we're living in, and fluff makes everything better. At the moment I am accepting prompts over on tumblr for all of the Hannigram fluff. Have an idea? Send it my way!

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: Hannibal buys Will a very expensive cologne... Will likes His wannabe ship Cologne, it remainds him of when Hannibal sniffed him Thank you

The bottle was slim and elegant, the liquid inside the color of the sun.

“You shouldn’t have.”

Hannibal smiled softly, taking the bottle from Will’s hand. He took Will’s wrist and dabbed a bit of the fragrance at the point of his pulse. He brought his nose to Will’s skin and inhaled, reverent. “Tuscan citrus. Cyprus. Rosemary.”

Will pulled his hand away and sniffed. “I smell like a lemon tree.”

“Would you prefer your ship in the bottle?”

“It’s called Old Spice, and it’s not that bad.”

Hannibal pulled Will close and dabbed a drop of the lemony scent right behind his ear. His hands trailed up under Will’s shirt. “Your skin is deserving of the best, though it’s not the fragrance that matters. It’s you. Underneath.”

The way Hannibal sniffed his neck tickled. Will pulled away laughing, then fell back into Hannibal’s arms. “I’ll wear it if you want me to.”

“I don’t wish for you to change yourself to please me.”

“It’s not… Maybe just for special occasions. And I don’t really need aftershave now, do I?” Will rubbed the coarseness of his beard against Hannibal’s cheek.

“Tonight is a special occasion.”

“It is?”

The sharpness of Hannibal’s teeth cut through his smile. “Yes. You’re here with me. What could possibly be more special?”

Will huffed out a laugh. “Is there anything else you’d like me to wear?”

Hannibal leaned in close, humming against Will’s ear. “Nothing at all.”

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: Love. Your. Stories. Many hugs! Short prompt: Will has had a Bad Week, and Hannibal decides to put all their points of friction aside for a day, and gift his lover with Will's Perfect Day - many surprises and snuggles and making outs ensue

Will stretched and yawned, melting into the couch, belly full. His eyes fell shut. Hannibal pulled Will's feet into his lap and began to rub.

"Why do I feel like I'm being spoiled today?"

Hannibal began working the tension from Will's soles. "Because you are."

"Are you going to tell me why?"

"Do I need a reason to spoil you?"

Will peered at Hannibal through one half-open eye. "Humor me."

"You've had a difficult week. Your nightmares have returned."

Will opened both eyes. "I never mentioned that."

"Hard to miss sleeping next to you."

Will sighed. "Sorry."

"You have nothing to be sorry for. I only wish to help. Come here."

Will crawled across the couch and into Hannibal's lap. He curled into Hannibal's chest and breathed deep, content. "Never thought we'd end up here," he smiled, then laughed. "You gave me a foot massage."

"I'll give you much more than that, if you'd like."

Will moved his face to the crook of Hannibal's neck, kissing the warm skin there. "Prove it."

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: If you're still accepting prompts... I had a dream where Hannibal and Will got separated after the cliff, but both recovered and assumed new identities, then met much later in their new lives and were immediately inseparable again. Anything inspired by that?

Will spotted him in Piazza del Duomo, Florence. Of course it would be there. He was fully gray and wore it well, hair long enough to pin up at neatly his crown. His full beard glinted silver in the sun.

“Is it really you?” Will asked. His heart flapped wildly in his chest.

Hannibal smiled, eyes shining.

—

Will’s bones ached every morning. He’d broken his shoulder in the fall and it never quite agreed with the rest of him. His knees creaked when he got out of bed. So did Hannibal’s. The scar on Will’s cheek had healed mangled, forever changing his smile.

Hannibal was more handsome at 60 than he had been a decade previous. It seemed impossible. Maybe Will just missed him that much. Hannibal’s accent knotted his tongue from years of neglecting his English, but Will had grown fluent in Italian. It became their mother tongue.

“There’s been another,” Hannibal acknowledged one morning. He’d found the pictures. Will didn’t like to say her name.

“For a while. I was lonely. I don’t think I need to explain why it didn’t work.”

Will didn’t have to ask Hannibal if there had been anyone else, years of waiting etched deep and smooth across his face.

They fell together easy. Too easy. Will feared the sting of wounds and a mouthful of blood. Day after day he found nothing but sun. In the night, they crashed together, simple as the draw of the tide.

“Are you happy?” Will asked, blissful in their moonlit room.

“I believe that I am. Are you?”

“Yes,” Will breathed, hardly able to believe it. “I am.”

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: Spontaneous first-time hug where neither wants to let go? <3

It came at the end of a particularly draining session. Will had spent the hour expounding a terrifying week of sweat-drenched nightmares and sleepwalking. He was shaking when he went for his coat. Then, before he could slip his arm into the sleeve, Hannibal pulled him into an embrace.

“Is this alright?” Hannibal asked, tucking Will’s head beneath his chin.

Will held his breath, then let it out, shuddering. “It’s… yes.”

Hannibal’s hand was warm at Will’s nape. Will wrapped his arms around Hannibal’s middle and let his fingers press into the soft wool of his jacket. Hannibal held him in silence until Will’s breathing returned to normal.

Hannibal’s heartbeat was a steady drumming in Will’s ear. “It’s been sometime since you’ve hugged another person.”

Hannibal still hadn’t let him go. Will sighed and held on tight. “Don’t really have much opportunity.”

“You do now.”

Will pressed his face into the warmth at Hannibal’s throat. “Good to know.”

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: Can I please request annoying sleep habits fluff? Like maybe one of them talks in their sleep or hogs the covers?

Hannibal's feet are made of ice. He hogs all the blankets and mumbles fragments of Dante in his sleep. At least once a week, Will wakes to Hannibal's nose pressing right into the middle of his back.

Will snores loud enough for walls to shake. He drools through a new pillowcase every single night. He invites the dogs into the bed and Hannibal wakes at 3am to slobbery kisses all over his face.

"We could sleep in separate beds," Hannibal suggests, eyes heavy from another restless night.

"We could." Will considers it a moment. His chest aches.

"Though who would wake you from your nightmares?"

"I don't really have them that often."

Hannibal sips his coffee, contemplative. "I don't really mind the snoring."

Will smiles, then yawns. "Yes you do. I don't want to sleep away from you."

"Nor do I. The dogs, however, are another story."

Will stares down at the two mutts curled beneath the table. "Fine. I'm buying you a foot warmer, though."

"Compromise is important. Between us there exists more good than bad."

Will reaches across the table for Hannibal's hand. "There's a reason I'm not kicking you out of my bed. I can tolerate the sleep mumbling in Italian. Don't know if I can tolerate not feeling you breathe beside me."

Hannibal brings Will's hand to his lips, grazing his knuckles in a kiss. "It's settled then."

"For better or worse."

Hannibal's teeth drag against Will's skin and bone. "Till death do us part."

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: hannibal in the morning, alert but soft at the edges, gently shaking will's shoulder to tell him breakfast is ready. Will grumbles, but hannibal leans in and showers will with little kisses until will, laughing, relents and gets up.

Will woke to soft kisses on his shoulder, skin sleep-warm and buzzing beneath Hannibal's attention. Hannibal peeled the covers away, exposing Will to the cool morning air, mouth determined to chase away the cold.

Will rolled onto his back and was rewarded with lips grazing the gentle dip of his hip bone. Hannibal smelled sweetly of cinnamon. "Breakfast?"

Hannibal kissed just beneath Will's navel. "Yes. It's a lovely morning for a meal outside."

Will stretched out long and squinted at the clock. Just past 7am. "So early."

Hannibal smiled against the curve of Will's ribcage. "I'm making your favorite waffles."

The room was white with morning sun. Hannibal's soft warmth covered Will from hip to chest. The urge to stay that way forever made Will's limbs so heavy. "This is nice."

Will's body was awake, as was Hannibal's. They rocked together with lazy ease as Hannibal mouthed the line of Will's throat. "It is," he breathed, hands grazing Will's skin so lightly, "and I'll bring you right back here after we've eaten."

Will whined as Hannibal pulled his warmth away. "Come back."

Hannibal gazed down at Will with soft eyes. "Come, darling. You'll need your energy for what I have planned for you."

Hannibal gave Will a hungry smile and made his way out of the room. Will stayed in bed only a moment longer before sleepily stumbling out behind him.

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: okay I know this isn't fluff but hear me out: hannigram road head in the bentley
>
> (i can make road head fluffy)

They'd barely made it ten minutes up the road from the opera house when Hannibal pulled onto the shoulder, then reached across the console to pull Will into a searing kiss. Outside it was snowing and the heat was cranked up high. Hannibal deepened the kiss, slipping Will his tongue. Inside his heavy overcoat, Will began to sweat.

Will pulled away, panting. "Can't wait five more minutes to get home?"

Hannibal's lips were swollen red and the front of his slacks were bulging. "No."

Hannibal pushed Will back into his seat and leaned across the console, tearing at the front of his tuxedo. By the time Hannibal got enough layers open to get to Will's skin, he'd lost two buttons on his shirt and his bow tie was being trampled beneath his shoes.

"You know," Will laughed, gasping as Hannibal sealed his mouth over a nipple, "sometimes you make me feel like nothing but a piece of meat."

Hannibal palmed the front of Will's slacks and nosed behind his ear. "You do look good enough to eat," he rumbled. With one skilled hand he worked Will's belt loose.

"Is that what you're going to do? Eat me up?"

Hannibal slowly popped open Will's fly. "A part of you. Would you like that?"

Will laughed. "When don't I like that?"

Will's cock was hard and aching as Hannibal pulled it out. He hadn't bothered taking his gloves off and the leather was cool and soft as butter. Hannibal bowed himself in half over the console and took Will into his mouth, sucking him down sweetly.

Will groaned and threaded his fingers through Hannibal's hair. "I love your mouth," he purred. Hannibal took him deeper. "I love… I love everything about you."

Hannibal's gloved hand stroked as he sucked, slick sounds filling the car. Outside a car passed, headlights illuminating, the snow covered road glinting like polished silver. Will wondered if the person inside could see him, from the outside alone in the passenger seat, face twisted in pleasure and agony.

He was so close, toes teetering right up to the edge of the precipice. Hannibal was unrelenting. “Oh god, Hannibal I… I love you.”

Will came with a hard tug on Hannibal’s hair and a strangled sob. He shot sticky warmth into Hannibal’s mouth and Hannibal hummed happily, swallowing every drop, licking his lips when he pulled away. His eyes said he could savor Will for eternity.

Will was a mess, clothes torn off and chest heaving. “I… don’t know why I said that.”

“You said it because it’s what you felt. Perhaps what you feel even when I’m not actively pleasing you.”

Will smiled, buttoning what was left of his shirt. “You always please me. Not only when you’re sucking my dick.”

“I’m pleased to hear that. The feeling is mutual.”

Will’s eyes fell down to Hannibal’s lap. His slacks were no longer bulging. “Did you…”

Hannibal grinned, teeth sharp and white. “Pleasing you pleases me, my love.”

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: Consider Will and Hannibal going for a walk. It's cold outside, maybe the first snow is falling, and one of them has forgotten their pair of gloves. First-time hand-holding ensues, which totally isn't romantic AT ALL. You know, just bros holding hands, because it's warmer that way.

Snow crunched beneath Will’s heavy boots. He walked side-by-side with Hannibal in the field behind his home, dogs racing all around them. Will shoved his bare hands into the pockets of his coat, but there was little warmth there to be found.

Hannibal observed him calmly. “We can go back for your gloves, or I can go fetch them for you.”

Will turned back toward the house. They’d gone so far, had nearly reached the forest leading to the stream. “No. I’ll be fine.”

It was mindless, really, not bringing them to begin with. He’d put on his coat and scarf, ears warm beneath his hat. Hannibal had a way of making him forgetful, making him feel so safe inside their bubble that the simplest things would slip his mind.

Hannibal stopped in his tracks, turning to Will. “Allow me,” he said, slipping his own gloves off and gripping Will’s fingers. His palms were spilling fire, skin alight with flame.

Will’s face began to flush. “You don’t have to do that.”

Hannibal smiled, soft and silent. He cupped Will’s hands in his own and brought them to his lips, breathing hard and warming Will bone-deep. When he was through, he took his gloves and slipped them on Will’s hands. “Better?”

Will’s heart sent blood rushing in his ears, skin like glowing embers. “You’re just going to get cold now.”

“If I do, perhaps you’ll be willing to help me?”

Will ducked his head, blushing, as they began to walk again. “I guess if you need me to.”

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: Can I please prompt you for some fluff where Will gives the best, softest, and most generous hugs?

“Thank you for dinner,” Will said, turning to Hannibal as they entered the foyer. “I’d never had foie gras before.”

“You’re welcome, and I believe you mentioned that. I do hope you enjoyed it.”

“It was delicious.” Will appeared to be reaching for his coat, but his hands landed on Hannibal instead, pulling him into an embrace.

Hannibal stiffened for a moment, uncertain how to proceed. It had been their first dinner together and Hannibal was still testing the waters where Will was concerned. He relaxed into it when he realized Will had rested his head on Hannibal’s shoulder, patiently waiting for Hannibal to return the gesture.

Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will’s waist and they held each other close. Will was warm and smelled of sweetly of Sauternes. In spite of the closeness, the hug remained chaste. Hannibal wondered if it was how Will ended every friendly dinner. It felt highly unlikely.

Will pulled back and Hannibal found himself softly longing. “I can walk you to your car, if you’d like.”

Will took his coat and smiled. “I’ll be alright. Thanks again, Dr. Lecter. Goodnight.”

“Goodnight, Will.”

Will left Hannibal there in the foyer, the warmth of their embrace still buzzing on his skin.

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: (From the desk of mean-cannibals) fluff therapy: they both have a hard day, so will makes him and Hannibal big ice cream sundaes for dinner and hannibal begrudgingly admits the ice cream helped get him into a better mood

Will scooped the ice cream from the carton, fingers growing sticky as it melted down the handle of the scoop. He filled two crystal bowls with strawberry, chocolate, and vanilla, then topped them off with mountains of whipped cream and sprinkles.

Hannibal was moping in the sunroom. Will pressed the bowl into his hands and smiled as Hannibal frowned up at him.

“If you wanted ice cream, I would have made you some.”

Will rolled his eyes and joined Hannibal on the sofa. “You don’t have to make everything from scratch. Just eat it.”

Will watched Hannibal from the corner of his eye. He took delicate tastes at first, face upturned in disgust, before finally relenting and digging in. Hannibal silently devoured the contents of the bowl, licking the spoon clean when he was finished.

Hannibal had chocolate at the corner of his mouth. Will laughed and licked it away. “Not so bad, huh?”

“I suppose I’ve tasted worse.” He smiled, the softest of surrenders. “Next time, will you allow me to do it properly?”

“Yes. You’re ridiculous, but yes.”

Will kissed the last edge of Hannibal’s tension away, tongues melding sugar-sweet.

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: Will has a hidden artistic side that Hannibl accidentally/ on purpose stumbles upon, in his personal challenge to know the empath better. It would be cool if Will's art ties into his deep southern heritage

Hannibal stood at Will’s bookshelf, eyes scanning spines worn and new. Crowded together on the edge sat carved wooden fish. Basswood trout and catfish carved from pine.

Hannibal took one in his hand, turning it in the light. A signature was notched into the tail: WG. “This is your work,” he asked, turning to Will.

“My dad taught me. Haven’t really done it in a while though.”

“They’re very good.” Hannibal smiled and picked up another fish, a balsa carp that appeared quite old. “Would you consider picking it up again and making one for a friend?”

“You want me to whittle you a fish? Doesn’t really seem like it would go with your decor.”

“To own something made from your own hand would be an honor, regardless of the subject conveyed.”

Will avoided Hannibal’s eyes and took the fish from his hand. “This is one of the first ones I ever made that came out looking alright.”

“I prefer it to all the rest. The lines created by unsure hands coming into their own could never be replicated.”

Will pressed the fish back into Hannibal’s hand, smiling softly. “You can have it if you want.”

Hannibal held it close to his chest, deeply touched. He slipped the wooden carp into his pocket. “I will cherish it always.”

Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

> Prompt: ok this prompt is a bit silly, but imagine a season 1 AU where Will texts Hannibal and accidentally sends him a kiss emoji and Hannibal takes it way too serious ;)

It had been a long day, the exhaustive stench of death weighing heavy on Will's shoulders as he flopped down in bed. His phone buzzed and he squinted against the light of the screen. A text from Dr. Lecter confirming their breakfast plans for the morning. Will smiled, glad to put his mind back into the world of the living.

See you then, Will replied. He slid a smiley emoji on at the end and hit send.

He stared at the screen. Blinked. Shit. 😘

Halfway through pecking out his explanation the phone buzzed.

😘, Hannibal replied. Will tossed the phone onto the bed and buried his face in his hands.

—

Hannibal sat at his desk, gazing wide-eyed at his phone screen. Had Will really meant to send him a kiss? He made no effort to correct his usage of the suggestive face, so certainly it must have been his intention in the end. Hannibal exhaled slow and sent his response, a single kiss goodnight to his friend.

Hannibal stared at the screen until it faded to black, heart racing beneath his ribs.

—

The next morning Will arrived for breakfast. Hannibal answered the door in a soft sweater and pajama pants. His hair was unkempt and falling into his eyes.

"Good morning, Will," Hannibal said, ushering Will inside. Before Will could reply Hannibal leaned in and pressed a soft kiss to his cheek.

Will's face burned where Hannibal's lips had been, spreading warmth through the rest of him like wildfire. "Uh… good morning."

Hannibal looked downright bashful as he led Will into the house. Perhaps, Will thought, he hadn't sent the wrong emoji after all. Perhaps everything was working out exactly as it

should.

Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: May I request some fluff-therapy Happy Boner Time? Cuz I'd really love a little sexy, giggly, Hannigram. (With apologies if you got this twice)

Hannibal fell to his knees, and Will couldn't stop laughing.

"Is something wrong?" Hannibal asked, working Will's belt loose.

Will choked on his laughter, dabbing tears from his eyes. "No… no. I'm sorry. This is just…"

"Unexpected."

"Yes."

"Unwanted?"

Will inhaled slow, deep, and forced his hysterics to still. "No, Hannibal… no. I want this. I want you." He ran his fingers through Hannibal's hair. "I just can't believe we're here. Finally. It's a good thing."

Hannibal smiled as he unzipped Will's fly. "Good."

Will lifted his hips and helped Hannibal get his pants down. The moment Hannibal wrapped a hand around Will's cock he began to laugh again, soft little giggles that grew and grew.

"Will."

Will bit the inside of his lip. "I'm sorry," he whispered, leaning back in the chair. "Come on. I want it."

Hannibal's cheeks were dappled pink with desire, eyes dark as coal. He stroked Will's cock once, twice, three times… slow, easy twists of his wrist making Will leak all over his fingers. When he sealed his lips over the head of Will's cock, Will began to snicker.

Will gripped the back of Hannibal's head and urged him on. "I'm sorry. Don't stop. That feels amazing." Another laugh broke out, loud, devolving into stuttering giggles. "Fuck. Your mouth feels so good."

Hannibal hummed happily and continued to suck in spite of Will's laughter. When he took Will deep into his throat, the giggling stopped. Will groaned deep, fingers digging into the skin at Hannibal's nape, tugging on his hair, bucking his hips as his orgasm drew close.

Will came with a broken sound that lodged in his chest, stunned silent with pleasure. Hannibal kept Will in his mouth until he began to go soft, swallowing down every last drop Will had to give.

“That was amazing. I’m sorry for laughing.”

Hannibal licked his lips and slicked his hair back behind his ears. “Don’t apologize. You were enjoying yourself.”

“Yes.” Will pulled Hannibal up into his lap, kissing the corner of his mouth. “Would you like to enjoy yourself now?”

“I already am. Very much. But if you’re offering to return the favor…”

“I am.”

Hannibal grinned, hungry and wide. “Yes. I would like that very much.”

Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: Omg, can I please request a continuation of Happy Boner Time where Will returns the favor? ;-; Thank you so much!
>
> (this is a continuation of chapter 13)

Will slid from the chair onto his knees. Hannibal already had his own fly undone, tugging his pants and underwear down. He was so hard his cock head had purpled, pushing out from his foreskin in agony.

“Stay just like this,” Will breathed, smiling darkly as he bowed himself in half, taking Hannibal between his lips.

“Amore mio,” Hannibal purred, carding his fingers through Will’s mess of curls. “Ti amo…”

Will pulled back, gazing up at Hannibal, spit-slick lips upturned in a smile. “I know what that means. If you want to say it then say it.”

“Aš tave myliu,” Hannibal sighed. Will mouthed as the head of his cock and Hannibal keened. “Je t'aime.”

Will’s back ached as he began to suck in time with Hannibal’s moans. He continued on and let it burn.

“Jeg elsker dig,” Hannibal gripped Will’s nape with one strong hand. Will began to wonder just how many languages Hannibal’s tongue knew. “Te amo.”

Will moaned around his mouthful, pulling back again and stroking as he caught his breath. “Say it. Let me hear you say it. Please”

Hannibal groaned. He was close. So close, Will knew. “I love you, Will. I love you.”

The moment the words left Hannibal’s lips Will gripped him hard, stroking with one intention. Hannibal shot sticky warmth all over Will’s face with a sob, dripping across his lips possessively. Will lapped at it with his tongue, gathering some of the mess with his fingers and sucking them between his lips.

Will sat back on his heels, panting. Hannibal pulled out a handkerchief and began to gently swipe at Will’s face. Will began to laugh again.

“Come here.” Will opened his arms and pulled Hannibal in against his chest. “I feel the same, you know. You have to know that I do.”

“I do,” Hannibal said, trembling in Will’s embrace. “I do.”

Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: If you are still doing hannigram fluff: They are not intimate yet but Hannibal is touching Will here and there around the house during the day not even realizing it until Will points it out. He's embarrassed with his lack of self-control but then when it happens again he notices that Will's not even flinching at the touch. So he goes for it

“You’re doing it again,” Will said, Hannibal’s hand warm at the small of his back.

“And what is that exactly?”

Will turned and walked to the window, gazing out into the yard. “Touching me. You’re always touching me.”

“You’re uncomfortable with that.”

“I don’t know,” Will said. “I don’t know.”

—

Days passed. Hannibal did his best to keep his hands to himself. He served Will tea out in the yard late one evening, the two of them sitting on a long bench that overlooked the garden. Hannibal’s hand fell down against Will’s knee reflexively.

Will made no move to pull away. Instead, he leaned hard against Hannibal’s side, then rested his head on Hannibal’s shoulder. “I think I like it when you touch me,” he said, sighing.

Hannibal dared to move his hand up to Will’s thigh. “When did you make up your mind?”

“I don’t know that I did. Maybe I’ve always liked it. I just thought that I shouldn’t.”

Hannibal turned to Will, both hands on him now. “May I do more than touch you?”

“What exactly did you have in mind?”

Hannibal touched Will’s stubbled cheek, the gentlest graze of fingers. “May I kiss you?”

Will’s face began to flush, warm in Hannibal’s hand. “Yes. Just… take it slow.”

Hannibal leaned in carefully, their bodies folding in on each other like wings. The kiss was soft as a whisper, Hannibal’s hands on Will’s face, his neck, skimming down to grip his shoulders. Will hummed happily and pulled away.

“That was good.”

Hannibal sighed and closed his eyes, holding hard to Will’s back. “It was. Very good.”

“Kiss me again,” Will breathed, fingers tracing Hannibal’s lips.

They fell together once more, trembling, blurring with every gentle touch.

Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: I'm sick right now and I just think that we don't have enough fluffy sick fics of will being sick and hanni freaking out and helping out his sick puppy could you please deliver?

Hannibal pressed his hand to Will's forehead. "You're burning up."

Will groaned. "How am I sick? We literally never leave the house."

"Perhaps something you picked up in the water during your swim."

Will whined and rolled over onto his side, turning his back to Hannibal. "Make it go away."

Hannibal smiled, rubbing Will's back. "It's likely a virus, I'm afraid. Unlikely to last long, though you'll have to ride it out."

Will pulled the covers up over his head and huffed. "Come here," he mumbled.

Hannibal shucked off his sweater and joined Will in the bed. He curled around Will's back, pulling him close against his chest. "I'll be right here with you, for as long as you need me."

"What good is being a doctor if you can't make me better?"

Hannibal nuzzled behind Will's ear. "I imagine you were quite the handful for your father when you fell ill as a child."

"Shut up."

Hannibal pressed his palm to Will's heart, felt it pumping strong inside his chest. "Aside from performing feats of magic, is there anything you would like me to do?"

Will responded with a dull groan.

"I'll run you a bath, make you soup, rub your feet…"

"Suck my cock?"

Hannibal laughed softly. "I would be happy to, as soon as you're feeling better. I don't recommend anything strenuous until then."

Will sighed, a pathetic little sound escaping his throat. "A bath sounds nice I guess."

“I’ll go run the water.”

Will gripped Hannibal’s wrists and held him tightly in place. “Not yet. Don’t go.”

Hannibal settled back in and pressed a kiss to Will’s hair. “I won’t. Not until you ask me to.”

Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: You've already spoiled me, but since you're asking for more fluff prompts: Wedding day? ♥

“Marry me,” Hannibal breathed between Will’s thighs. “Say that you’ll marry me.”

“Yes,” Will keened as Hannibal swallowed him down. “I’ll marry you.”

—

They stood beneath the blood red maple in their backyard. The white moon seemed to swallow up the night.

“Is it really a wedding if we’re the only ones here?”

Hannibal’s smile was radiant in the moonlight. He reached into his pocket and pulled out two rings, cradling them in his palm. “It is if we want it to be.”

Will gazed down at the silver bands. They glinted like stars in the dark. “Not like we can do it legally anyway. We technically don’t even exist.”

“I didn’t ask you to marry me to take my name, or legally bind yourself to me.” Hannibal chased Will’s gaze down to the rings. “I don’t wish to marry you in that way.”

Will smirked, drawn in by Hannibal’s eyes. “How do you wish to marry me then?”

“Your heart, your body, your mind.” Hannibal took one of the bands between his fingers, offering the other to Will. “I wish them to be mine. Entirely, eternally.”

Will clutched the wedding band in his right hand. “Hannibal…”

Hannibal took Will’s left hand and brought it to his lips, kissing each knuckle softly. “Allow me to possess you completely. Say we’re to never be parted.”

Hannibal slipped the ring on Will’s finger. There were tears on Hannibal’s face and Will wanted to lick them away. “You already have me, Hannibal. You know that you do.” He took Hannibal’s hand and mirrored his actions. A kiss for each knuckle before slipping on his ring. “Even death won’t change that.”

Hannibal pulled Will in close and clutched him against his chest, his heart drumming a desperate melody. “Know that I love you more than I have ever loved another person.”

Will pulled back and cradled Hannibal's wet face. "I know. Hannibal, I know."

"Say that you love me."

"Hannibal." Will furrowed his brow, thumbing at Hannibal's cheeks. "Do you think I'm going to leave? Is that what this is about?"

Hannibal was trembling beneath Will's touch. "I often fear it so much I can think of nothing else."

"Oh… Hannibal." Will brought their lips together once, then trailed kisses down Hannibal's face, tears bursting on his tongue. "I love you," he whispered into Hannibal's ear, then repeated it in the other. "I'd sooner die than say goodbye to you again."

Hannibal buried his face in the crook of Will's neck. "Thank you, Will."

Will rubbed Hannibal's back and laughed softly. "Stop being ridiculous." Will gripped Hannibal's shoulders and pushed him back, forcing their eyes to meet. "I want you to take me inside, now. Take me to our bed and make love to me like it's truly our wedding night."

Hannibal scooped Will into his arms without another word, carrying him across the yard and into the house. They didn't sleep at all that night, burning hot inside each other until the sun peeked over the horizon.

Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: Hannigram fluff where Hannibal had the worst day ever yesterday and can't get out of bed the morning after, so Will makes him feel better.

Will sighed and pulled the covers from Hannibal's head. "You can't just stay in bed all day."

Hannibal actually grunted.

Will smirked. "Pouting in bed is supposed to be my thing."

Hannibal frowned, slinging a forearm over his eyes. Will straddled his lap and pulled the arm away.

"Just tell me what's going to make you feel better."

Hannibal didn't answer, just stared off over Will's shoulder absently.

"You know," Will said, bowing his body down to press a kiss to Hannibal's collarbone, "I don't like being ignored."

Another kiss, lower this time, right in the middle of Hannibal's chest. Will nuzzled into the graying hair and smiled. "Tell me what you want me to do."

Hannibal sighed hard and ran a hand down Will's back. "This is nice, I suppose."

Will caged Hannibal in with his arms and glared down at him. "You suppose?"

Hannibal's face twitched in a smile that he struggled to contain. "Yes."

"Do you want me to suck your cock?"

"No, thank you."

"Do you want to suck mine?"

At that, Hannibal's face softened. Not quite a smile, but close. "That may be preferable."

Will laughed, sitting back on his heels. "You're unbelievable. On your knees, or here?"

"Here, please."

Will crawled from the bed, shoved his shorts off, then straddled Hannibal's chest. He was half hard already as he began to stroke himself. "If I do this, do you promise to smile after?"

Hannibal gazed at Will with hungry eyes. "Yes."

"Will you get out of bed and have lunch with me?"

"Yes."

"Will you let me suck you off later?"

"Of course."

Will pushed in between Hannibal's lips without another word. Hannibal gripped Will's hips and pulled him closer. Will fucked Hannibal's mouth, Hannibal's fingers digging into his flesh, until he could feel his orgasm drawing near. Hannibal whined as Will pulled out.

"Open." Will groaned, stroking himself at a fevered pace as Hannibal stuck out his tongue, awaiting his treat. That's what this was to him, Will knew, and the thought was all it took to send him tumbling over the edge.

Will spilled all over Hannibal's tongue, his lips, streaking across his nose and dripping down his chin. Hannibal lapped up what he could reach. Will scooped the rest up on his fingers and let Hannibal suck them clean.

Will collapsed beside Hannibal, boneless. "When I can move again," he said between shaking breaths. "I expect you to be smiling."

Hannibal turned onto his side and curled himself around Will, warm and sated. Will could already feel him smiling into the crook of his neck. "As you wish."

Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: Thank you for all this lovely fluff - it's so cheering! <3 If you'd still like prompts, I'll offer a friendly squirrel taking a shine to Hannibal and following him round the garden. He is bemused, Will thinks it's cute and hilarious :)

Hannibal was down on his knees pushing seeds into the dirt. Will sat on a bench nearby, calmly observing.

“You’re more than welcome to help. If you can bear getting your hands dirty, that is.”

Will smiled, sighing. “I spent all morning fixing the mower while you stared at my ass. It’s my turn now.”

Before Hannibal could respond, a fat fox squirrel came bounding up the garden path, bushy tail flapping like a flag. It flopped down right next to Hannibal, gazing up at him with glossy black eyes.

“Looks like help has arrived.”

Hannibal shooed the squirrel with a flick of his wrist, but it only hopped back an inch. He frowned and went back to his planting. “He’ll be more likely to dig up every last thing I’ve planted than help.”

The squirrel chattered and Will laughed. “Don’t be so grumpy. He’s kind of cute.”

“He’s a pest.”

The squirrel hopped closer again, standing up on its back legs and swatting for Hannibal’s attention. Hannibal glared at it.

“Who’s collecting strays now?”

Hannibal brushed his hands off and stood, staring down at the animal and its red waving tail. “He’d make an excellent fertilizer for the tomatoes.”

“You wouldn’t dare.”

Hannibal said nothing, crossing the yard toward the house in long strides, his new companion trailing close behind. He disappeared inside and reemerged moments later, a small wooden bowl in his hands. Will watched as Hannibal knelt down and began tossing almonds into the grass.

“He’ll never leave you alone now.”

Hannibal looked up at Will, face half caught between a smile and a frown. “No,” he said. “I suppose he won’t.”

Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

> Prompt: Fluff prompt? Will falling in love with Hannibal slowly without noticing, and getting caught staring at him one day, and just realizing "holy hell I love him" and accidentally blurting it out at him?

Hannibal emerges from the sea, skin glinting in the warmth of morning sun, and it all hits Will at once. He is breathlessly, achingly in love.

He's known it for a long time, trembling desire woven into the fabric of their years. But now, Hannibal trudging toward him through the sand, Will is well and truly choked by the certainty.

Hannibal falls down next to Will on the blanket, shaking the salt water from his hair. "Will you join me?" he asks, tanned face soft with a smile.

Will gives into the pull of Hannibal's eyes, leaning in until their bodies are folding together. "I think that I'm in love with you."

Hannibal visibly stills, the air between them unmoving. "You think?"

"I am. I know that I am."

Hannibal begins to breathe again. Will can see the pulse thudding in his neck. "I've waited a very long time to hear you say that."

Will grazes Hannibal's cheek with the back of his hand, the skin there burning deep. "I know you have. I'm sorry I've made you wait."

Years since they plunged, healed, decided and disappeared. They fell into a routine with ease, but Will had kept his distance. Now, he curls into the flame of Hannibal's presence, a moth drawn and desperate to burn.

"I think I'd like to kiss you now," Will whispers, already hovering near Hannibal's lips.

"You think?" Hannibal breathes, mouth upturned in a smirk.

"I do." Will digs his fingers into Hannibal's nape, eyes falling shut. "Kiss me."

Their mouths meet and the earth doesn't shatter, the ground doesn't quake or crumble. There is only the quick pull of lungs and the wet smack of lips melding together. The brevity of their fleeting existence.

The two of them, the sea, the sun. The madness of their hands. Soft sounds spilling from their middles.

Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: If you are doing prompts - post s3, Will gradually notices Hannibal casually putting on his sweater just after he discards it, and often wearing Will's t-shirts instead of his own even though they are too small. So one morning he decides to ask Hannibal to put his boxers on. Sexy fluff ensues.

Hannibal's shirt rode high up in the back when he bent over. It took Will several minutes to realize it was one of his own.

"Hannibal." Will trailed behind him into the kitchen, eying the tanned skin where it peeked out around his hips. "Why are you wearing my shirt?"

"Am I?" Hannibal smirked. "Would you like it back?"

Will eyed the threadbare fabric stretched tight across Hannibal's chest. He was softer in the middle now than he had been back in Baltimore. Will licked his lips and forced his gaze back to Hannibal's face. "No. Keep it. It looks good on you."

—

The next morning Will found Hannibal out in the yard, wearing one of his sweaters. The sleeves just a bit too short, the small of his back exposed to the cool morning air.

"Come here," Will said, leading Hannibal back into the house, then down the hall to his bedroom.

Hannibal stood in the doorway as Will opened the top drawer of his dresser. He tossed a pair of plaid boxers in Hannibal's direction. "Put these on."

Hannibal stared down at the bunched up fabric in his hands for a moment, then at Will, face placid and amused. "Right here?"

"Right here."

"Alright."

Hannibal shucked off his pajama bottoms and underwear in one swoop, kicking them away. His soft cock hung heavy between his legs as he stepped into Will's shorts and pulled them on.

They fit well. Too well. Tight in all the proper places, waistband cutting in just beneath his hipbones.

Will gave himself over to instinct, crowding Hannibal back against the wall. “I think I’d like to touch you. Is that okay?”

Hannibal’s throat bobbed as he swallowed, hunger in his eyes. “Yes.”

Will slid to his knees and gripped Hannibal’s hips. Hannibal began to grow erect, tenting the front of the boxers. “I think I’d like to put my mouth on you, too,” he said, breathless, gazing up into Hannibal’s dark eyes.

Hannibal could only nod, slack-jawed and speechless, carding fingers through Will’s messy hair.

Will nuzzled at Hannibal’s erection through the fabric, fingers groping at his thighs and up to his ass. He mouthed along the line of Hannibal’s hardness, breathing in the heady scent of his arousal.

Will had only begun to soak through the shorts with his tongue, lapping at Hannibal’s cock head, when Hannibal’s legs began to quiver, knees threatening to buckle. He let out a strangled groan and Will felt Hannibal’s cock pulse beneath the boxers.

Will pulled away, smiling up at Hannibal. “Are you alright?”

Hannibal huffed out a laugh, sliding down the wall to join Will on the floor. “My apologies. That was quite unexpected.”

Will grinned and took Hannibal’s burning face between his hands. “It’s okay. I wanted you to keep these anyway.”

“Is that so?”

Will leaned forward, breathing right against Hannibal’s lips. “Yes. And I have some more things for you to try on later, if you’d like.”

“Yes,” Hannibal whispered, body trembling. “I’d like that very much.”

Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: I live for Will actually calling Hannibal "Hanners" when he's sulking/being difficult (or just when Will is feeling fond of him, which is, like, all the time). Just imagine Hannibal being torn between "omg Will is comfortable enough to give me a pet name omg" and "Hanners???!"

Hannibal frowned into his brandy. “We need never go to the opera again if you don’t enjoy it.”

Will rolled his eyes. “Alright, Hanners, no need to pout.”

Hannibal’s lips froze against the rim of his glass. He lowered it and turned his gaze to Will. “Excuse me?

“What?”

“What did you call me just now?”

Will’s face stretched wide in a smile. “You don’t like it? I think it has quite a nice ring to it.”

“Am I being mocked?”

“No. Hannibal, come on. I won’t say it again if you don’t like it, though.”

Hannibal thought in silence a moment, sipping his drink and staring out the window. “It’s a fondness, I suppose. We give pet names to those things we’ve grown most fond of.”

“Yes. Exactly.” Will tugged on Hannibal’s sleeve. “Now come here and let me show you just how fond I am.”

Hannibal set his glass down and fell into Will’s arms, melting against his chest and moaning softly inside warm, gentle kisses. When he pulled back, Will was smiling again.

“Would you like a pet name of your own?” Hannibal asked.

“You already call me darling twenty times a day. I think that’s enough.”

“As you wish, darling.”

Will pressed a single kiss to the corner of Hannibal’s mouth. “You can take me the opera again, though. I’m sorry for being difficult.”

“Alright.” Hannibal breathed in. Out. He smirked. “Will you call me that again?”

“Call you what?”

“Darling, you’re being difficult again.”

Will stole Hannibal’s smile away with a kiss, deeper this time. They parted and Will sighed. “Hanners. My Hanners.”

Hannibal pressed his face tightly to Will’s chest, listening to the thump of his heart. “Thank you.”

Chapter 23

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: I don't know if you take prompts only for post s3 things, but s1 era, one time Will goes to Hanners really early (like in coquilles) and hanners has just come out of the shower and he's still wet and wearing only a bathrobe and insists on giving Will a coffee & make breakfast (before getting dressed) cause Will needs them! And Will can't keep his eyes off of him cause damn the doc is super hot! Fluffy and sexy?

“Though I may be, is it safe to assume you’re not sleepwalking now?”

Will frowned. “I’m sorry it’s so early.”

“Never apologize for coming to me. Office hours are for patients. My kitchen is always open to friends.”

Hannibal was soft and sleepy, nothing but a robe covering him from calves to shoulders. Graying chest hair peeked out in a deep vee and the hair on his head was still dripping from the shower.

Will took the offered cup of coffee from Hannibal. It smelled rich and dark. “I’d hate to interrupt your morning routine.”

“You’re interrupting nothing at all. Tell me about what happened.”

“I don’t know. Do you think it could have been a seizure?”

“I’d argue good old fashioned post-traumatic stress.”

Between the spaces in Hannibal’s words, Will found himself shamelessly staring. Hannibal circled the counter and Will had to pull his eyes away from the way the robe swayed against his hips.

“Do you, uh…” Will sipped his coffee to buy himself some time. It tasted even better than it smelled. “Do you think I can’t handle being back in the field?”

“I think the things you experience there may overwhelm ordinary functions that give you a sense of control.”

“I’d still like to believe i’m in control.”

“Even with your body out there walking around without your permission?”

Hannibal leaned against the counter and the loose wrap of his robe slipped, exposing him from the collarbone to navel. Will nearly choked mid-sip.

“If you’d like, I can make us some breakfast and we can discuss this further,” Hannibal said, making no move to cover himself.

Will closed his eyes and for a moment felt nothing but cold concrete beneath bare feet, a feathered beast snuffling at his neck. When he opened them again, Hannibal was smiling.

Control. Will looked down at the mug in his hands, then back at Hannibal. He set the coffee down and all but threw himself into Hannibal’s personal space, gripping his nape and mashing their mouths together in a coffee-stained kiss.

Hannibal broke the kiss and breathed against Will’s lips. “Are you kissing me because you’d rather not discuss what happened further, or because you genuinely wanted to?”

“Is it alright if I say it’s a little of both?”

“Yes. We don’t have to talk about it right now. I would still like to make you breakfast, though.”

Will fingered the front of Hannibal’s robe. “Is it okay that I kissed you?”

“I’ve wanted to kiss you from the moment I first laid eyes on you in Jack Crawford’s office.”

Will laughed. He was suddenly starving. “Good to know,” he said, resting his forehead against Hannibal’s. “Can you make pancakes?”

Hannibal sighed. “Absolutely.”

Chapter 24

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: post twotl Hannibal may or may not be very ill (its not sure yet) and Will gets very emotional about the thought of losing Hannibal?! tears and comfort (happy ending please!)

They had no more antibiotics. Hannibal lay prone and unmoving in his bunk, fever spiking well above one hundred and four. Will inspected the exit wound on his belly, wincing at the sight of the infection.

“This isn’t supposed to happen to you,” Will mumbled, sighing into his hands. “You’re a doctor, so wake up and fix it.”

Hannibal moaned out a broken, pitiful sound. Adrift on the sea with nothing to surround them but salt water and time, the sharp-toothed maw of God gazed upon them, smiling.

—

Will flushed out the wound and kept it covered and clean, monitoring Hannibal’s temperature with his frantic clockwork hands. The sea swelled around their vessel and Will dropped to his knees at Hannibal’s side.

“I’m not going to pray. That would be ridiculous.” The boat rocked and the boards beneath Will’s knees wheezed like great bloated lungs. “But do you want to know why I… did what I did?”

Tears welled in the back of Will’s throat. He paused a moment, bracing his hands on the bed before continuing. “I think we’re monsters. You and me. I think we’re going to swallow everything around us whole.”

On the bed, Hannibal reached out with a weakened hand, searching for Will blind in the rocking dark. He sighed in place of speaking.

“But the thought of going on without you, no matter what I am… killer or… crusader against those things darker than myself.” Will found Hannibal’s burning skin and placed his palms upon it. “I can’t do any of it without you. If you die, I die. Do you understand?”

Hannibal groaned. “Yes,” he breathed, once, voice cracked and half-dead.

He drifted back to his fevered dreams, Will keeping sleepless vigil beside him.

—

The next morning, Hannibal's fever had dropped down to a mere one hundred and one. The swelling around his belly wound had begun to subside. Will propped Hannibal up on pillows and helped him take slow sips of water through a straw.

"Where are we?" Hannibal croaked, peeking at Will through heavy, hooded eyes.

"Not far out. If you'd gotten any worse I was going to go back in search of medicine."

"I believe I'm going to survive."

"For a while there I wasn't sure."

Hannibal gave the weakest of smiles. "There's only one thing I need at the moment."

"What's that?"

"Come here." Hannibal motioned for Will to join him on the single bed. "Please."

Will hesitated a only moment before slipping into the space between Hannibal's body and the wall. He curled against Hannibal carefully, as though he were made of porcelain. When he didn't shatter, Will allowed himself to settle in.

"If you feel up to eating I can make us something," Will murmured into Hannibal's chest.

"Perhaps later. For now, I'm quite enjoying this."

They mirrored themselves on the cliff, Will tucked beneath Hannibal's chin. They breathed in time with the returning calm of the ocean, twin waves lapping at some new and uncharted shore. Hannibal's heart drummed strong in Will's ear. The fever ebbed beneath his skin.

"Where will we go?" Hannibal whispered.

Will closed his eyes and wondered. "I'm not sure. We should decide together."

"Together. Yes." Hannibal pulled Will softly closer. "Together."

Chapter 25

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Eskimo kisses. Lots of em'! <3

“Are you… are you… Eskimo kissing me?”

Hannibal pulled his nose away from Will’s cheek. “No. It’s a kunik, a traditional Inuit expression of affection.”

“Yeah. Eskimo kiss.”

Hannibal frowned. “I’m not pressing my nose to yours. It’s quite different from the Western bastardization of the custom. And that term is quite archaic.”

“Sorry. You can blame my American public school upbringing.” Will sighed. “And I wasn’t saying I didn’t like it, you know.”

Hannibal glared at Will, unmoving save for a slight tilting of his head. Will rolled his eyes and pressed his cheek to Hannibal’s face.

“Do it again. Please.”

Hannibal huffed out a single indignant breath before relenting. He breathed in deep, rubbing his nose and the jut of his upper lip against Will’s stubbled face with tender affection.

Will smiled. “Is this your way of telling me you like me?”

Hannibal paused, nose pressed to Will’s skin. “I suppose it is,” he said, continuing to nuzzle.

Will laughed, threading his fingers into Hannibal’s hair at the nape. “Good,” he said, tugging until Hannibal pulled away. “I like you, too.”

Hannibal smirked. “Prove it.”

Chapter 26

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Hannigram+piggyback rides?

Will stood and the room spun. “I bet I can lift you over my head,” he slurred in Hannibal’s direction.

Hannibal cocked his head, smirking. “Is that so?”

“Fuck yes. If you can carry me as far as you did in the snow…” Will reached for the bottle of Bulleit with unsteady hands, “I can lift you right here. It’ll be easy.”

“Will. You’re quite drunk.”

Will stared at the near-empty bottle, taking a swig. “No shit.”

Hannibal took the bottle from Will’s hand, setting it on the table. “Come here.”

Hannibal folded Will into his arms. Will grunted in protest, only relenting when Hannibal pressed a kiss into his hair.

“Let me lift you. C’mon.”

“Will.”

“C’mon. If not above my head just… just hop on my back.”

Hannibal pushed Will away, frowning. “You’re drunk. I don’t want to hurt you.”

Will nearly choked on his own laughter. “You think I can’t take you?”

Hannibal petted Will’s messy hair. “Come to bed with me.”

“Let me carry you there.” Will teetered back into Hannibal’s space on wobbling feet. “Piggyback ride.”

Hannibal glared. “Alright. But only until we reach the stairs. Once there, you will allow me to carry you in my arms the rest of the way.”

Will chuckled in triumph as he bent down and motioned for Hannibal to hop on. When Hannibal straddled his back and wrapped his arms around Will’s neck, Will grunted his way into a fit of hysterical laughter. “I can’t believe you’re letting me do this.”

“Will. Please.”

“Alright. Okay. Sorry. You’re heavier than you look.”

Will huffed out of the study, Hannibal firmly astride his back. It was only a short walk to the stairs, but he nearly dropped Hannibal three times along the way. Once there, Hannibal jumped down and caught Will before he toppled over.

“Are you happy now?” Hannibal asked, scooping Will into his arms.

Will nuzzled into the crook of Hannibal’s neck. “Tomorrow… over the head.”

Hannibal laughed softly. “We’ll discuss it when you’re sober.”

Will was fast asleep, gently snoring, before Hannibal made it across the threshold of their moonlit bedroom.

Chapter 27

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Will kissing Hannibal's bruised knuckles ?

“You’re hurt,” Will whispered, lifting Hannibal’s hand to his lips. He pressed a single kiss to the blood pooling there.

“Was this not what you desired?”

Will smiled, dark and full of teeth. “He got away. What did you expect me to do?” Will punctuated his words with another kiss, licking copper from his lips.

Hannibal’s eyes shone, proud and dangerous. Another kiss to his hand sent the beast shivering in the dark. He let out a broken little sound. “You like to watch me fight.”

Will grazed the last knuckle with his lips. “And you like it when I watch you.” One last kiss. Will lowered Hannibal’s hand back into his lap. “All better?”

“Not entirely. My lips have grown quite sore, as well.”

“I’d better not kiss them, then. I wouldn’t want to make it worse.”

Hannibal gripped Will by the nape, pulling him close. “I’m afraid your kiss is the only cure.”

Will smirked and let Hannibal pull him in for the softest of kisses. When they parted, Hannibal’s smile illuminated the dark.

“Better now?”

Hannibal narrowed his eyes and held Will closer. “I’m afraid you’ve only made me ache all over.”

“Oh,” Will purred, melting into the touch, “now what’s to be done about that?”

Chapter 28

Chapter Notes

Prompt: drunk season 1 Will hitting on Hanni in public.

They walked through the spirals of Hannibal's rose garden, the din of the party fading at their backs.

"They're lovely in the moonlight, though you should see them in the morning," Hannibal said, stopping near a patch that glowed silver-white. "To witness the petals opening to the sun is quite beautiful."

"But not as beautiful as you."

Shit. Will's eyes went wide with panic. Perhaps he'd had more to drink than he'd realized. Hannibal turned his gaze from the roses to Will's face, smiling.

"I, uh…" Will stammered, shoving his hands deep into his pockets. He gripped the sharp edges of his keys and fought the urge to sprint to his car.

"There's no need to be embarrassed." Hannibal shortened the distance between them on the narrow path. "Though I would argue any beauty I may possess pales in comparison to your own."

Will swallowed hard around the growing lump in his throat. His nose filled with the fragrance of a hundred blooms. He gazed up into the dark sky, face burning. "We're drunk. Maybe we should just go back inside."

"I brought you out here to spare you the discomfort of the crowded room. Still, we can return if you'd like."

Will closed his eyes and leaned toward the warm spilling from Hannibal. An inch more and they would be touching. "I just don't want us to do something we're going to regret."

"Whatever is going to happen, I would not regret it."

Will reached out blind and found Hannibal's face. He only opened his eyes a split second before their lips slotted together. Slow and tinged in ache, the kiss pulled happy little sounds from Will's chest. He gripped the front of Hannibal's shirt. Hannibal's hands rested on Will's hips.

Will pulled back suddenly and began to laugh. "What are we doing?"

“What we feel.”

Will buried his face in Hannibal’s chest, sighing as Hannibal bundled him close. “You sure we won’t regret this?”

“Have you ever thought of kissing me sober?”

“Yeah… A lot.”

“Then what are we to regret?”

Will pulled his face away and kissed the tip of Hannibal’s chin, the corner of his mouth. “Nothing. No regrets.”

Hannibal smirked. They kissed again, deeper now, moonlight beating down from above.

Chapter 29

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: Headcanon that when Will lets slip the names of some of his worst childhood bullies Hannibal tracks them down and kills them bc no one who abused his precious graham cracker at such a vulnerable point in his childhood is allowed to draw breath, obviously. Will has to give him the "You can't just murder everyone who's ever been mean to me" talk (again) but is not so secretly touched

Will glared over the top of the tablet screen. “Hannibal.”

“Yes?”

“We’ve been over this.”

Hannibal watched Will flatly. “Over what exactly?”

“You can’t just kill someone because they were mean to me when we were kids.”

Hannibal cast his eyes down and returned to reading his book. “He’d been beating his wife and child as well.”

“And you wouldn’t have known that had you not insisted on stalking him.”

“I did it because I love you.” Hannibal’s words rang cleanly in the air. Will could think of no argument against them.

“Can we express our love like normal people next time?”

“We’re not normal.”

“Hannibal.”

“Will.”

Hannibal raised his eyes. The last eyes Will’s childhood bully had ever seen. The multitudes of love and rage contained within made Will’s skin prickle. He could hear the crunch of bone like a symphony tucked into the corner of his mind.

“You know that I love you too, right?”

Hannibal smirked. “I do.”

“And I didn’t even have to kill anyone to prove it.”

“What does your killing aim to prove?”

Will laughed. “Ask me again after you’ve kissed me.”

Will all but dove into Hannibal’s lap, swallowing down questions neither of them had answers to.

Chapter 30

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: could you write something about will being a protective husband™ and hannibal not-so-secretly loving it?

"Is everything alright?" Hannibal asked upon their return from the market.

"I didn't like the way that man was looking at you," Will said, setting the bags down on the counter with enough force to send them toppling over. Cherry tomatoes spattered across the granite like blood.

Hannibal smirked. "Jealous?"

"Don't be ridiculous." Will plucked up a tomato and bit it in two. "It was like he recognized you."

"Even if he did, what are we to do about it?"

"We could leave. Tonight. Right now. Leave it all behind and start again."

"You don't want to do that."

Will frowned. "I don't. But I do if I think there's even a chance of Jack Crawford showing up at our door."

Hannibal rounded the counter and pulled Will into his arms. "You already know what to do if I am apprehended."

"Jack won't apprehend you. He'll kill you."

"He'll certainly try."

Will sighed into Hannibal's chest. "He'll try, and I won't let him. No one is taking you away from me again. I won't Miriam Lass my way out of this life."

Deep in Hannibal's bones, a fire began to brim. Sparks shot out onto his skin and he was burning. He couldn't help the smile taking over his face. "You would prefer we fall together."

Will pressed a kiss into the hollow of Hannibal's throat. "Always."

Hannibal kissed Will deeply then, pulling sounds up from his belly and swallowing them down. They burned together there in the kitchen, late summer sun falling through the curtains

and setting every part of them alight. For all his living, Hannibal had never felt so alive.

Chapter 31

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: Hannibal having a nightmare about Will leaving him and Will just being very (physically) reassuring?

At first, the nightmares were more offensive than terrifying. Like ink spilled onto paper. One week on, Hannibal woke shivering and clutching his sheets, sweat beading down his neck and soaking his pillow.

Will lay dreaming in the dark of his own room, one door away. Hannibal pressed his ear to the wall and in between the clicks and groans of the house, he swore he could hear Will breathing.

—

The next night, Hannibal woke screaming. At first, he didn't recognize the voice as his own, clamping his mouth shut as he struggled to breathe. He sat up in bed and considered making breakfast though it was just past 3am, knowing the routine task would calm his mind. Then, his door creaked open, light spilling in from the hall.

Will stood in the doorway in his boxers, hair a wild halo on his head. "Are you okay?"

"I'm not sure," Hannibal said. "I've been having nightmares. They're getting worse."

Will padded into the room, clicked on the bedside lamp, flopped into the armchair in the corner. "What could you possibly be afraid of?"

Hannibal's every breath was edged in nerves, unfamiliar company that refused to leave him. He stared down at the blankets bunched in his hands. "At first you only left, night after night the sight of you turning your back and disappearing into dark. Tonight you killed me. There was no passion in your eyes. Then I was back in my cell, and I knew you were lost forever."

Will crossed from the chair to the bed. "That's why you were screaming?"

"Yes."

Will hooked two fingers beneath Hannibal's chin. "Look at me," he said, smiling when Hannibal met his eyes. "I'd expect something a little more abstract from your subconscious."

"I suppose my subconscious saw no point in abstraction. I haven't suffered from nightmares for a very long time."

Will pulled his fingers away, points of flame Hannibal longed to chase. “This may be the worst possible time to do this. Or it may be the best. Either way, I see no point in pretending any longer.”

Hannibal’s heart began to stutter. A surrender, a beautiful abandon. Will crawled onto the bed, kneeling at Hannibal’s side.

“I think we should have sex,” Will said. The words came out so easy. He’d been considering it for a very long time.

“Alright,” was all Hannibal could manage, the swift rush of blood dragging his thoughts away.

So often Will had surprised him, every moment of their lives together a beautiful confusion. When Will kissed him then, it left Hannibal starved and breathless. Their bodies tangled together in the sheets. They would devour one another. It had always been their fate.

“Where would I go if I left you?” Will purred into Hannibal’s ear. He’d straddled Hannibal’s hips and sucked kisses along the rush of his pulse, teeth grazing where he sensed blood.

“Anywhere,” Hannibal breathed, pressing the tips of his fingers into Will’s back. “You could go anywhere you choose.”

Will smiled against Hannibal’s ear. “Not without you. How do you not understand that by now?”

“Prove it to me, then,” Hannibal said, pleading. “Prove it.”

The seconds flashed by like a dream. Will pulled away, pushed the covers down, had Hannibal’s pants and underwear off in seconds. Thunder cracked somewhere in the distance, or perhaps it was the sparks struck between them. When Will wrapped his lips around Hannibal’s cock, the whole world turned to music.

Will sucked him slow and languid, letting the full length of him slide into his throat. When he gagged Will pulled back and breathed against Hannibal’s hip, stroking him with the same unhurried ease. Hannibal’s toes curled into the mattress, the vocabulary of their love a litany of strangled sounds.

When his orgasm drew close as the tide, Will pulled away. Before Hannibal could protest, Will was shoving his own boxers down, kicking them away, slotting their bodies together. Will rocked his hips and took them together in his hand, the slick slide of their lengths against one other all Hannibal needed to fall headlong into oblivion. He came shouting, fingers digging into Will’s ass. Will buried his face in Hannibal’s neck, spilling his release moments after.

They didn’t move for a long time, chests heaving and limbs going numb. Then, Will began to laugh.

“I can’t believe we just did that.”

Hannibal flipped Will onto his back, searching in his eyes. “I can. I hope this time won’t be the last.”

Will’s smile pressed against the mangled scar on his cheek. He’d never been more beautiful. “It won’t be. We were always going to end up here, you know.”

“Knowing and hoping are two very different things.”

Will stretched out with a yawn and shut his eyes. “We should get cleaned up.”

Hannibal hummed his agreement, curling around Will’s side. Neither of them moved, slipping into quiet dreams together.

Chapter 32

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: Do you still do hannigram fluff therapy? Bc I just read all of them and you are doing to lords work. Any way if you still do prompts hurt/comfort of any kind would be great. Preferably Will as the hurt one

The melange of bruises down Will's back ached every time he moved. Even the weight of his t-shirt had grown unbearable. He called Dr. Lecter as the sun came up, its fire burning the day to life as his Bentley pulled into the drive.

"This is why I sleep in my living room," Will scowled, allowing Hannibal to strip his shirt off and lower him to the bed.

"Stairs are perfectly safe. When it's not three in the morning, and you've not just consumed half a bottle of bourbon."

Will stretched out on his belly, pressing his face into the pillow. "It's been a rough week."

"You're lucky nothing was broken."

Will winced as Hannibal draped a towel across his back, topping it with several sandwich baggies full of ice. "I can give you something for the pain, if you wish," he said, the mattress dipping beneath his weight as he joined Will on the bed.

"I think I'm still half drunk. May not be the best idea."

"In that case, ice and bed rest will have to do. Doctor's orders."

Will lifted his head to see Hannibal smiling. "At least one of us is finding some enjoyment in this."

"There is a natural alternative to painkillers that you may find more ideal," Hannibal said after a moment.

"And what would that be exactly?"

"Neurochemicals released during orgasm have been known to aid in pain relief, if only temporarily. If nothing else, physical pleasure will provide a distraction."

Will began to laugh so hard it ached all down his back. "So I should go jerk off in the bathroom to relieve my pain?"

“I wouldn’t recommend something quite so strenuous.”

Will’s face flushed, burning hot. He buried it in the crook of his elbow. “Then what are you suggesting?”

“Do you trust me?”

“You’re the first person I thought to call.” Will’s voice shook in his chest. “I was sprawled at the bottom of the steps wishing you were there.”

Hannibal shifted until he was kneeling at Will’s side. “May I remove your pants?”

“Yes.” The word came out so quiet Will was uncertain Hannibal had heard at all.

Gently, Hannibal slipped his fingers into Will’s waistband, tugging his pants and underwear down to his ankles. Will trembled at the touch as Hannibal’s hands skimmed their way up his calves and thighs.

“Do you trust me?” Hannibal echoed.

An ache to rival the pains in his back bloomed down between Will’s legs. “I do. I do.”

“Hold still. This may tickle.”

Will gasped as Hannibal’s strong hands gripped his cheeks and exposed him to the air. He drew a breath and held it until his lungs began to burn. Eyes squeezed shut, blinded to the morning, Will’s others senses grew heightened. At the first soft swipe of Hannibal’s tongue to his hole, Will’s whole body sizzled, electric. He feared they would set the bed ablaze.

Behind him, Hannibal moaned, lapping at Will’s entrance as he would some rare delicacy. Sparks burt behind Will’s eyes. He began to thrust his hips into the mattress, straining his muscles and sending the ice packs sliding down at his sides.

When Hannibal pulled away, Will whined at the loss. “Though it may be difficult, you must be still” Hannibal said, pressing a firm hand to Will’s lower back. “There we are.”

Hannibal’s tongue set back to work. Will never knew a person could be so warm. All of Hannibal’s heat spilled from that single point and into him, stoking the flames that roared within. Will gripped the edges of his pillow, fighting with all he had to keep his muscles lax, his hips still. Between his body and the mattress, his cock throbbed in time with his heart.

It went on like that for a very long time. Hannibal lavishing Will’s hole with his tongue, moaning; Will sobbing into his pillow, fighting his every urge to thrust. It was agonizing, too much pleasure, too much ache. Bruises entirely forgotten, Will could focus on the singular connection of himself and Hannibal alone.

“Make me come,” Will pleaded over his shoulder. He didn’t care how it happened, anything to send him careening over the edge.

“Patience,” Hannibal mumbled into the cleft of Will’s ass.

Will wanted to beg until Hannibal relented, but he found his lips could no longer speak, frozen in a perpetual, silent moan. He was straining his back, he knew, but in that moment pain was nothing more than a distant, static memory. He pressed against the mattress as much as Hannibal would allow, orgasm starting to build. Could he really come like this? He could, he knew. Hannibal had given him no other choice.

Will's cock jerked between the press of his belly and the bed. He cried out long and broken, falling, floating, flying into trembling bliss. At some point, Hannibal pulled away and covered Will with a blanket, putting the ice packs back in place, but Will was too far gone to notice. When the fog finally began to clear, Will allowed himself to give into embarrassment, keeping the blush of his face hidden in the pillow.

"I can't believe we just did that."

"How are you feeling?"

The high of his release fading, Will groaned. "Still hurts. I guess it didn't during though…"

"I have no patients until the evening," Hannibal said, fingers curling at the base of Will's neck.

"Okay," Will breathed. "I guess I should cancel classes for the day."

"Tomorrow too, perhaps." Hannibal began to card his fingers though Will's hair. "Will you allow me to see your face?"

Will breathed in, out, slowly turning his head until he could see Hannibal. His blush spread up to the tips of his ears. "Thank you for coming over," was all he could think to say.

"You're welcome. I'll take the ice off soon. Would you like some breakfast?"

"That sounds great."

"And after…"

Will fought the urge to hide his face again. "Yes…"

Hannibal smiled, brighter than the blaze of sun cutting through the curtains.

Chapter 33

Chapter Notes

Prompt: If you wrote some cuddly fluff that would make my day

Will woke to the taste of salt on his tongue, a cool breeze coasting over his skin. He'd made love to Hannibal out on the patio, and after they'd fallen asleep tangled up together on the chaise. Now, Will was alone in the dark and shivering.

"Hannibal?"

Will padded naked through the open doors and into the kitchen. His eyes searched the dark for Hannibal, coming up empty. Just as he was about to reach for the light, Hannibal wrapped around him from behind.

Will startled, but settled at once. "Where did you go?"

"I was only gone a moment. Fetching a blanket." Hannibal slipped the blanket around Will's shoulders and spun him around.

Will squinted against the dark. "You put on clothes."

"Is that not acceptable?"

Will smiled and wrapped Hannibal up in the blanket with him, nuzzling into his neck. "It is not."

Will lead Hannibal back to the patio and sprawled out on the chaise. "I want to feel your skin," he said. "Come on."

In the soft light of the moon, Hannibal slipped his shirt above his head and tossed it to the ground. He gazed down at Will, skin illuminated in silver flame. He shoved his pants and underwear down, kicked them away, and Will welcomed him with open arms.

Cocooned in the blanket together, Will pulled Hannibal close against his chest. Their skin warmed with the heat of one another.

"I'm not really tired anymore," Will mumbled into Hannibal's hair.

"Would you care for something to eat, then?"

"No." Will held Hannibal closer still, curving one leg around his thigh. "This is nice. Stay with me."

In the distance, waves crashed. The night closed in around them, cool breeze and warm skin and salted air. Something delicate and unspoken broke between their bodies, an understanding, melding in the tandem drumming of their hearts. Breath flowed from Hannibal’s lips to Will’s mouth. The moon’s light folded beneath the clouds. Darkness held them as they held each other.

Chapter 34

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: hey are you still doing the fluff therapy? its been a rough day... If you are, I would really love some fluff of the boys dancing?

The wind blew. Hannibal swept Will into his arms and began to sway.

“What are you doing?” Will laughed.

“Dancing.”

It was the middle of the afternoon. Will had been out in the yard clearing up the thick blanket of leaves that had fallen overnight. The leaves crunched beneath their feet as Hannibal moved them about in a smooth rhythm.

“Shouldn’t we have music?”

“We do.” Hannibal smirked, dipping Will dramatically. “Or can’t you hear it?”

Will closed his eyes to listen. Half-bare branches rustled. The wind howled deep and low. He was about to open his mouth to speak when it came to him at once, the swell of bow brought to strings.

Their song tangled on the wind, marching in time with their feet. The two of them glided in dance with the same ease they knew making love, or together taking a life. Will lost himself in the music, the wind, Hannibal’s hand pressed to the small of his back. He let the moment take him and when it was through, Hannibal was smiling.

“Where did you slip away to?”

Will steadied himself against the solid weight of Hannibal’s chest. “I followed you and found our song.”

Hannibal hummed happily, pulling Will into a kiss. Leaves skittered in the wind at their feet. Distant birds screeched a lilting tune. Their bodies stilled and parted. Deep in the chambers of Will’s mind, the music played on.

Chapter 35

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: i would love some tummy loving -- either will's or hannibal's -- after they've added some softness now that they're not constantly fighting for their lives any more

Will woke to the sun in his eyes, lips on the back of his neck, and a hand rubbing circles into his abdomen.

“What are you doing?” Will mumbled, leaning back into Hannibal’s warmth.

“I’m holding you,” Hannibal said. “I’m appreciating your form.”

“You’re rubbing my belly.”

“I am. Would you prefer that I stop?”

“I don’t know… I guess not.”

Between the weeks spent bedridden, the sedentary months spent hidden away, and Hannibal’s insistence they eat dessert every day after dinner, Will was fuller in the middle now than he’d ever been. His size small t-shirts pulled tight across his abdomen when they were fresh from the dryer. Several pairs of jeans he’d acquired only months ago no longer fit.

“You’re self conscious of your weight gain.”

Will’s cheeks reddened. He turned his face into the pillow. “I’ve just never been this… big before.”

“Your weight still falls within the acceptable range for your height and age.”

“I should start exercising more.”

“It is my hope that whatever you do, you do it for your own satisfaction, never my own.” Hannibal’s fingers dug into the soft flesh of Will’s belly. “I find you no less desirable in your current form.”

“You can’t possibly find pot bellies sexy.”

Will suddenly went cold at the loss of Hannibal at his back. Before he could think to protest, the covers were being pulled away, and Hannibal was pushing him onto his back.

Hannibal straddled Will's thighs and bent down to press a kiss just below his navel. "This is a sign of a body well loved," he said, pressing another kiss just above to the first. "A life being lived to the fullest."

Will smiled, face still burning. "I'm going to pretend that isn't a pun."

Hannibal nuzzled into Will's middle. "I'll go make us breakfast. Stay here. Let me bring it to you."

"If I didn't know better, I'd say you were trying to fatten me up."

Teasing, Hannibal dragged the blunt edges of his teeth across Will's flesh before pulling away. "I'll be back shortly. Sleep a bit more if you'd like."

Will sighed and sprawled out in the middle of the bed once Hannibal was gone. An echo of Hannibal's touch, Will rubbed circles into his own belly. It rumbled in anticipation of the meal to come. He smiled and allowed himself to doze, arm draped lightly across the softness of his middle.

Chapter 36

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: Will saying I love you for the first time? (After realizing it - while watching Hanni being domestic?)

“I love you,” said Will.

Hannibal was chopping carrots and his knife stilled midway through. It fell from his hand, still lodged near the leafy green end.

“You don’t mean that.”

“I do.”

Hannibal wiped his hands down the front of his apron and turned his gaze from Will. “I assure you, such cruelty is not necessary.”

Will breathed in deep and slow, gripping the edge of the counter. “I lied to you about Freddie Lounds.”

“I know. I would have suggested a less cloying perfume.”

Will’s heart didn’t race, though he wanted it to. That frantic, grounding thump against his ribs. “I won’t make excuses. I thought i was doing the right thing. And I was.”

Hannibal’s fingers played along the handle of his knife. He tugged the carrot from the end and stabbed the blade down into the cutting board. “And what am I to do with this now?”

“The lies? Or the fact that I love you?”

“Are they not one and the same?”

Will braved the trip around the counter, counting each step along the way. He stood before Hannibal, palms upturned, meeting his eyes in perfect honesty. “I want to leave with you. Now. It doesn’t matter where we go.”

Hannibal’s mask began to crack, tears threatening in the corners of his eyes. “You expect me to believe you won’t tell Jack Crawford where we go?”

One more step, and Will was close enough to reach out and touch Hannibal. A simple brush of fingers against the back of his hand. “Why would I do that?”

“Perhaps your cruelty knows no bounds. Perhaps this is the reckoning you were promised to.”

Will wrapped his fingers around Hannibal’s wrist, felt the blood pumping there. “Do you love me?”

“Yes.”

“Then trust me, in spite of the lies. And I’ll trust you, in spite of…”

Hannibal took Will’s face in one steady hand. In the corner of Will’s eye, the knife glistened. How quickly Hannibal could reach for it. Instead, Will was being pulled forward until his lips met Hannibal’s. The kiss was sweet as the edge of a blade, aching for blood.

“After dinner,” Hannibal said, breaking the kiss, “there’s something I would like to show you.”

“Are you going to kill me?” Will smirked. Free, finally, of his burden.

“Trust me,” Hannibal said, punctuating his words with a kiss, “just as I trust you.”

Chapter 37

Chapter Notes

Prompt: It's not a specific ask, but a humble request for more, and a thank you.

The lilt of Hannibal's voice carried through the house, folding itself against the walls. Will followed the sound into the living room.

"You're singing."

Hannibal turned to him, ceasing his song. "A song from my childhood. My mother would sing it to me often."

Will didn't know the language, but deep in his bones he understood. "It's about God."

"In a sense. Did you sleep well?"

Will smiled and ducked his head, recalling the night previous, the way they'd made love for the very first time. "I did. Thank you."

Hannibal reached for Will's hand, brushing his knuckles with the softest kiss. "I'm happy to hear that. What would you like for breakfast?"

"Whatever you want," Will said, gazing down at his hand when Hannibal let it go. "Tell me about your mother's song."

"A Lithuanian folk song about death and rebirth."

Will laughed. "You truly did begin at the beginning. Your mother was religious?"

"Very. I'd never given much thought to the idea of worship myself. Until recently."

A flush bloomed hotly on Will's cheeks. "Please don't build me an altar."

Hannibal brushed his knuckles along Will's cheek. "Our shared bed will serve just fine," he said, smiling. "I'll see to breakfast now, if you don't mind."

"Go on," Will breathed, lost in Hannibal's gaze. "I'm starving."

Chapter 38

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: I have a thing for affectionate bathing, shared tubs, etc. Anything with that would be lovely

Will lowered himself down into the tub, cautious of his shoulder. Though it had begun to heal, he still couldn't raise his arm higher than his chest. With his good arm, he helped Hannibal in to settle between his legs.

Hannibal nestled back against Will's chest, putting the bulk of his weight on Will's left side. He sighed. Their shared baths had turned into something of a habit. Every evening for two weeks straight they settled together beneath the water. Things had remained surprisingly chaste.

"This is nice," Will said, running a damp hand through Hannibal's hair.

"It is. How are you feeling?"

"Tired and sore. You?"

"The very same, though I'm feeling stronger every day."

Will closed his eyes and pressed a kiss to Hannibal's hair. Beneath the water, his good arm snaked around Hannibal's middle, and their fingers tangled together. "What's going to happen when we leave here? I mean…"

"When we rejoin the ranks of civilization?"

"Yeah. That."

"You worry about getting caught."

"Not really." Hannibal slipped further into the water, and Will rested his chin atop his head. "Right now it's like we're the only two people left alive, and that's working surprisingly well. Bringing other people into the equation…"

"We can find another place just as isolated. Only interact with the world when we have to."

"You wouldn't be happy like that. Couldn't be with just me."

Hannibal stiffened and tightened his grip on Will's hand. "There are many things in this world I would like to show you, share with you. But those things do not complete me."

“I’d like for you to show me. As long as I can have this, too.”

“This will be yours. Now and always.”

They quieted then, touching everywhere. Will held Hannibal close, kissing him now and then, running fingers through his hair. The world could wait. For now, all they needed was confined to porcelain, whispering truths under the water.

Chapter 39

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: I have this headcanon about Hannibal being good at football (soccer to you lot) and Will being absolutely charmed by this

Will arrived at Hannibal's house, letting himself in with his key. Inside, Hannibal was nowhere to be found. Searching rooms and halls, Will finally came to the open back door.

"Hannibal?"

Wide-eyed, Will watched as Hannibal came into view, clad in track pants and a t-shirt. In the grass, he was kicking around a soccer ball, and doing it quite well.

"Are you… Are you playing soccer?"

Hannibal stopped in his tracks, chest heaving. "Football. And I wouldn't call it playing here all by myself."

Will laughed. "You own track pants."

"I do. Once a week I compete with the Baltimore adult league."

"Oh."

"This is surprising to you."

"A little. A lot. You just don't seem the type."

Hannibal smiled and picked up the ball. "It's wonderful exercise. You should try it some time."

Will took off his jacket and tossed it on a nearby chair. "Okay."

Hannibal tossed the ball down into the grass and stood aside, waiting for Will to make his move. Will, wanting desperately to impress, kicked the ball with his full strength. It went quickly careening over the fence and into the neighbor's yard.

Will blushed and laughed nervously. "Whoops."

Hannibal's face was expressionless, and then he started smiling. "No bother. We'll ask for it back after dinner. Would you like to assist me in the kitchen?"

Will's eyes settled on Hannibal's chest, rippling beneath his sweat-damp shirt. "Yeah…" He drifted for a moment, lost in seeing Hannibal without his armor.

"Will?"

Will's eyes snapped up to Hannibal's face. "Sorry," he said, blushing in earnest now. "I'd love to help."

Hannibal smirked, eyes shining, then made his way into the house. Will followed close behind, mesmerized.

Chapter 40

Chapter Summary

> Prompt: In hideout, Will and Hannibal are sailing in the open sea, moving locations, looking for the next safe house. At midnight, sailing in the calm ocean under the moonlight, Will strips off and jumps into the water from their boat for a swim and invites Hanni to join

Beneath the bone-white moon, Will pulls off his shirt, kicks off his shorts, and jumps into the water. The ocean is summer-warm, clinging to the memory of the sun. On deck, Hannibal watches.

“Just going to stand there watching?”

“It’s quiet a sight to behold.”

Will laughs, splashing water that sprays across Hannibal’s feet. “Get in here.”

Hannibal strips slowly in the moonlight, his lean body glowing silver-blue. Will’s eyes catch on the gnarled Verger brand on his back when he turns. Will burns so hot he wonders if the sea will begin to boil.

Hannibal jumps in with a splash and swims the short distance to Will. In the dark water their bodies disappear beneath the surface. Will clings to flesh where he can find it, their feet steadily keeping them afloat.

“There are sharks in this water,” Will says, almost absently.

“Their reputation is mostly undeserved. Sharks very rarely dine on humans.”

Will nuzzles into Hannibal’s neck, tasting ocean salt. “You’re definitely not a shark then.”

“Nor are you.”

“I wonder,” Will says, pulling away, watching Hannibal float in the blackness, “what we will be together.”

“We’ll be what we are. Exactly as we’re meant to be.”

Will floats on his back, gazing up at the stars and the face of the moon. Hannibal joins him, and their fingers tangle beneath the water.

“I’m not ready to go ashore just yet. We have plenty of food and fuel,” Will says.

“I’m perfectly content with you, here in the center of the world.”

Will smiles. “So am I.”

Chapter 41

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: For hannigram fluff therapy can you write about hannibal being the little spoon..

Hannibal was sleeping soundly. Will sat near the window, watching the rise and fall of his shoulders, eyes tracing the slope of his back. The faded Verger brand. The gnarl of an exit wound. The deep gashes from the ocean battering his body against the cliff face. Hannibal's skin was a veritable map of their years together.

A thought overcame Will then. Pressing himself against that skin–feeling its warmth, holding Hannibal close–was a need all consuming. He rose from his chair and stripped off his shirt. On the bed, Hannibal stirred.

"Will?"

"Go back to sleep. I was just thinking about joining you."

Hannibal glanced over his shoulder, then turned his face back into the pillow. When Will crawled onto the bed beside him, Hannibal stiffened and then stilled.

Will hesitated before slinging his arm around Hannibal's middle. "Is this alright?"

"More than."

Will nestled in behind him, his arm hanging loosely around Hannibal's waist. As he moved closer, his grip tightened, and soon the expanse of Hannibal's back–and so much warmth–was snuggled warmly against him.

"I'm sorry for waking you," Will said. "I just…"

"Do you truly think you need to apologize for this?"

Hannibal's heart thumped beneath his ribs, rattling Will's chest. "Were you wishing I would do something like this?"

"It seems I've been waiting for it all my life."

Will laughed, a nervous little sound that shook them both. "Good to know."

"What have you been wishing for?"

Will closed his eyes and nuzzled into Hannibal's hair. "Not sure. Maybe this, though I didn't know it at the time."

"Through each other, we're forever finding ourselves."

Will pressed his palm flat against Hannibal's sternum. His heart drummed steady in Will's hand, and soon Will could no longer tell its beat from his own.

Chapter 42

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: will huffs “why don’t you just marry me,” after hannibal gets jealous of (stranger/will’s new friend). Hannibal cries. bonus if he already has a ring picked out and everything

Will stares Hannibal down across the table. “Why don’t you just propose already if you’re going to insist on being this possessive. Getting it in writing seems more your style.”

From his pocket Hannibal produces a small box. He pushes it across the table.

“You seriously just carry around an engagement ring in your pocket?”

Hannibal’s eyes are shining. “I bought it last month. I was waiting for the time to be right.”

Will lets out a bitter laugh. “No better time than when I’m fuming.”

Hannibal’s eyes flick between the box and Will’s face. “Open it.”

“I wasn’t being–Hannibal you can’t be serious.”

“Open it. Please.”

Will takes the box in hand and hinges open the lid. Inside, tucked into the satin lining, is a thick platinum band inlaid with diamonds. “Hannibal,” he breathes, forgetting his anger.

Will looks up, and Hannibal is crying. Fat tears rolling down his cheeks. “All I wish is for you to be mine.”

Will closes the lid and slides the box back to Hannibal. “Do it properly then.”

Hannibal rises to his feet, rounds the table. He drops to his knees at Will’s side and opens the box. “Will you marry me?” Tears still cling to his cheeks. He looks ridiculous and small and endearing.

Will presents his hand and allows Hannibal to slip on the ring. “I will. On on condition.”

“Anything,” Hannibal says.

“Stop crying and kiss me.”

Will tastes Hannibal’s tears on his lips, melting salty on his tongue. They kiss until the tears are gone, nothing left to come between them but skin and sighs.

Chapter 43

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: This is a bit strange, but I think it would be really cute and LITERALLY fluffy to have an AU where Hannibal is a cat and Will is a puppy and they make friends!

Will snuffled around beside the dumpster, lapping at the crumbs on ground. He found a bit of stale pizza crust and settled down, holding it between his paws as he chewed. A sandy-brown cat streaked through with silver-gray rounded the dumpster then, rubbing itself against Will's side, purring loudly.

Will growled and bared his teeth, then finished chewing the last bit of his crust. The cat didn't budge at the threat, slinking around near Will's face, mewing gently in his ear. Will ceased his growling, realizing his efforts were futile. Unless threatened, Will was mostly bark with very little bite.

A silver tag jingled on the cat's collar. Will knew human words and letters from his years spent with his former owner, but it took him several tries to make out what the tag was conveying. Hannibal. The overly-friendly, desperately purring cat's name was Hannibal.

The cat curled up at Will's side and continued its purring. Will considered moving to the other side of the alley, perhaps the other side of town. Finding a kind stranger to scratch behind his ears. Instead, Will closed his eyes and began to dream. It had been a very long time since he had a friend.

Chapter 44

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: A prompt if you care for it? Hannibal finds a badly neglected and miserable dog and brings him home to Will.

Hannibal walked through the door with his jacket bulging, arms tucked close to his chest. His expression was serious, and for a moment Will worried their cover had been blown.

“Everything alright?”

“You tell me,” Hannibal said, opening his jacket to reveal what he was holding. Against his chest, a filthy puppy whimpered.

“Oh.” Will took the offered puppy from Hannibal and held it close. “Where did you find it?”

“On the side of the road on my way back home. I believe it’s a girl.”

Will smiled. “So you’re the one collecting strays now?”

“I will confess I considered ending her suffering. I don’t believe she can walk.”

Will rushed to the kitchen with the puppy. He set her on the counter and smiled when Hannibal grimaced. “She’s probably starving. Doesn’t look old enough to be away from her mother. I don’t think her legs are broken.”

“What will you do?”

“Cow’s milk will work in a pinch. Will you get some?”

Will watched Hannibal move from the counter to the fridge. He filled a small saucer with milk and presented it to the puppy, who Will was once again holding in his arms. Weakly, the puppy began to lap at the milk.

Will smiled. “Thank you for bringing her to me. We should give her a bath when she’s finished.”

Hannibal held the saucer steady as the puppy drank. “In the bathtub, please. Not in my sink.”

Will grinned so wide it tugged hotly at the scar on his cheek. “Never in your sink.”

The puppy finished her milk and snuggled close to Will’s chest. Hannibal watched them both, his dark eyes shining.

Chapter 45

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Fluff prompt: It's a very windy night and the power just went out.

Outside the wind howled, and just as Will and Hannibal were finishing dinner, the house went dark. The windows rattled and the room seemed to instantly grow cold.

Hannibal led them from the dining room to the study by the light of a candelabra. Will had a flashlight on his keychain—and on his phone—but said nothing. Given his host's penchant for theatrics, it struck Will as the most appropriate source of light.

In the study, Hannibal built a fire and invited Will to join him. They sat cross legged on the floor, in front of their chairs, as if they might freeze any minute. Hannibal pressed his palms closer to the flames, and Will laughed.

"There's no way you're cold under all those layers."

"Storms and darkness carry with them the idea of coldness, don't you think?"

Will agreed, but admitting as much felt ridiculous. Instead he smiled and said, "Maybe we should huddle together for warmth."

He'd intended for it to be a joke, but Hannibal wasn't laughing. "If you like," Hannibal said, "I'd be happy to warm you."

Will swallowed and nearly choked. "Uh… I think I'll be okay," he said, though denying Hannibal came with instant regret.

Hannibal reached over and slung an arm across Will's shoulder. "Would this be alright, then?"

Will leaned his body inward, just a little, but it was enough to draw a sigh from Hannibal. "Yes," he breathed, eyes closing. "This is alright."

Chapter 46

Chapter Notes

Prompt: hannigram fluff prompt: separation anxiety?

Will rolled over and sighed. Lonesome. It was a surprisingly unfamiliar feeling given how much time he spent alone, and he could pinpoint the exact moment he first felt it. Parting with Hannibal in the hospital parking lot week's previous, he'd been struck with a gentle pang of stay, or ask me to come with you. He went home to his dogs that night and fell asleep in a tangle of fur, longing for Hannibal's company.

Now, he reached for his phone in the dark of his motel room and squinted against the light of the screen. He tapped Dr. Hannibal Lecter in his list of recent calls and put the phone on speaker as it rang.

"Will?" Hannibal's voice on the other end was laden with sleep. "Is everything alright?"

Will glanced at the clock. Just past 2am. "Sorry. I'm alright. Did I wake you?"

"You did, but it's no bother. What can I do for you?"

Will blushed and covered his face with his hands. "I don't even know what I'm doing."

Hannibal's voice projected his smile. "Certainly you called for a reason. I assure you Will, you're safe to share with me."

"I guess I just…" Will placed the phone on his pillow, curling his body toward it. "I'm feeling a little lonesome."

"Is that so?"

"It's not a feeling that I'm used to."

"Missing your pack perhaps?"

Will laughed. "I always miss them when I'm away, Uh… no. I don't think it's them that I'm missing."

Shit. He was met with silence on the other end, the sound of Hannibal's breath ceasing. Then, just when he began to worry that the call had dropped, Hannibal said, "Who is it that you're missing?"

Will's face burned in earnest. He closed his eyes and grinned, hiding his face as if it would matter. "You," he said. "I miss you, Dr. Lecter."

Hannibal's breathing grew audible on the other end. "When will you be arriving back home, may I ask?"

"Uh, tomorrow. Hopefully tomorrow."

"Would you care to join me for dinner?"

"That would be nice," he said, fighting to keep his voice from shaking. "Thank you."

"You're welcome. Now, may I suggest you get some rest?"

Will sighed. "Of course. Thank you, Dr. Lecter. And sorry again for waking you."

"I'm glad that you did," Hannibal said. "I've been quite lonesome for your company as well."

Will's heart hammered in his chest. He wondered if Hannibal could hear it. "I'll see you tomorrow, then."

"And I you. I'm looking forward to it very much. Goodnight, Will."

"Goodnight, Dr. Lecter."

Will ended the call and sprawled out on his back, staring at the dark ceiling, blushing and smiling.

Chapter 47

Chapter Notes

Prompt: soft hannigram please!!!

Days pass slow, then fast, and soon Will and Hannibal have found themselves in the midst of summer. The island is hot and unforgiving, and Will revels in the weight of the heat beating down on his shoulders. They tan and their scars stick out like stark white trenches dug deep into the earth.

Will had been so focused on healing that he hadn't had a chance to consider that they'd never spent so much time together. Their lives before their fall into the Atlantic were marked by short tangles of friendship and something deeper than friendship and long periods of separation. Now, Will knows when he opens his eyes Hannibal will be there, always there.

At first it is terrifying. Once they're strong enough to get on with their days without a handful of pills, Will worries they'll soon grow tired. Of one another. Of the monotony of seclusion. But July comes, and with her heat she brings a revelation: They are, above all else, good together.

Four months on, and they haven't been intimate. Not really. There have been touches, of course, the great majority of them clinical. Prodding muscles and helping wounds to heal and worrying over infections. Changing bandages and, for several weeks in the immediate aftermath, helping each other bathe through the haze of morphine.

Now, at breakfast, the sun at 8am already making the veranda steam with her rays, Will allows his mind to wander.

"What do you think would happen if we kissed?"

Hannibal pauses, midway through cutting into his sausage, and smiles. "If we kissed we would be kissing."

Will laughs. "We would. But do you think it would change us?"

Hannibal forks sausage into his mouth, chews, and swallows before giving his answer. "It would certainly change our relationship. It may make us something to each other we've never been before."

"I think we've always been everything to each other, regardless of our actions."

Hannibal's face goes soft. He drops his fork and knife. "Then it wouldn't change us. It would only make us more of who we are."

Will smiles, fighting against the tug of his ever-healing scar. “Come here and kiss me then.”

Hannibal pushes back from the table, the click of his shoes counting down the moments until he arrives at Will’s side. Will turns in his chair to meet Hannibal’s gaze when he kneels beside him. Hannibal’s hand is soft on his cheek. He cups the unmarred side of Will’s face and slots their lips together, and when their tongue meet, Will swears he can taste the force of Hannibal’s pulse. The blood rushing from their veins into one another’s.

Nothing changes when they part. The summer is still unrelenting and sweat trickles down the back of Will’s neck, soaking the collar of his shirt. It’s as if, somewhere, in all the other worlds stretching on for eternity, some version of the two of them have always been kissing. Their lips meet again, and it feels like home.

They kiss away the morning, and the sun shines, and the mercury swells and rises. They kiss, and nothing changes, and Will clings to the taste of the moment, hoping that nothing ever will.

Chapter 48

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: Will attempts to make Hannibal an elaborate dinner and it all goes horribly wrong, but Hannibal is just happy he tried

Will wasn't a bad cook by any stretch of the imagination, but daydreams had a way of pulling him under. He chased his thoughts toward the window, staring out into the yard, the grass glinting with a dusting of snow. He stood at the counter, his back to the stove, thinking of Hannibal and the evening they had planned together.

He thought of Hannibal's lips and the slope of his brow. The jut of his cheeks and the dark glint of his eyes. His hands, strong and always warm and cut through with thick veins. The broad expanse of his shoulders and the dip of his back. The cut of his bespoke suits, always pristine. The lilt of his voice like a song.

Will only turned back to the food on the stove when the smoke alarm started to chirp. "Shit!" He pulled his salmon from the burner, now too far gone to be considered blackened. Burnt to a crisp, perhaps. The vegetables he had been steaming had turned to mush. He considered dumping it all in the trash when he heard Hannibal walk through the door.

"Hey!" Will greeted Hannibal in the living room, wiping sweat from his brow. "Hi."

"Hello." Hannibal smiled, scenting the air "Is everything alright?"

"Yeah. Everything's fine." Will sighed. "That's a lie. I ruined dinner."

Hannibal took off his coat and tucked it into the closet. "Show me," he said, following behind Will to the kitchen.

On the counter sat his sad pan of scorched salmon and the steamer basket full of soggy vegetables. Will's face grew hot with embarrassment. "This has never happened to me before."

"Even the best of us succumb to the occasional distraction. The dogs misbehaving, perhaps?"

Will looked over to the pack gathered in the doorway and blushed hard. "Something like that."

Hannibal curled his fingers around Will's elbow and met his eyes. "Sit. Everything will be alright."

Will took a seat at the table thinking Hannibal would make them something new, but it wasn't long before Hannibal was serving Will's own burnt and sodden food to them both at the table.

"You can't be serious."

"I'm sure it will be just fine," said Hannibal, taking his seat at the table.

The salmon tasted like ashes. The vegetables had no taste at all. Halfway through his plate, Will pushed back from the table.

"I'm having cereal. You want some?"

"No thank you," said Hannibal, forking more salmon into his mouth and smiling.

Will poured his cereal and returned to the table. He and Hannibal watched each other, smiling and silently eating. Will slurped his milk up out of the bowl when he was finished and Hannibal laughed around the final bite on his fork.

"I can't believe you seriously ate all of that."

"If nothing else," said Hannibal, "I could certainly taste the love."

Will laughed. "I'm sorry that my love tastes like ashes."

"I'm sure your love tastes like many things."

Will ducked his head, blushing, and set about clearing the table. "Would you like some dessert?" he asked, dumping the dishes into the sink.

Hannibal joined Will at the counter. "I'd like to kiss you, if I may be so forward."

Will nearly dropped the pan he was transporting to the sink on the floor. Carefully, he set it in on top of the other dishes and turned to Hannibal, blushing hard. "I, uh…"

"I've made you uncomfortable."

"No!" Will shouted, not meaning to shout, and blushed even harder as he covered his face with his hands. "No. You haven't. Fuck."

Hannibal tugged Will's hands away from his face and cradled his face in his hands. "Your skin has turned to flames."

Will laughed. "Flames seem to be my thing today."

Hannibal smiled, crowding Will against the counter. "Would you like me to stop?"

"No. Don't…"

Hannibal leaned in and swallowed Will's words, devouring syllables from his tongue. Hannibal tasted faintly of burnt salmon, and Will smiled into the kiss.

Will pulled back, panting. “I can’t believe you ate my burnt dinner.”

“I’d eat burnt dinners every day for the remainder of my life if it meant we’d do this after.”

Will sighed, leaning in for another kiss.

Chapter 49

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: Could you do a post-twotl where Hannibal finds himself jealous about Will's lingering feelings for Molly? Perhaps a fluff-infused sexuality crisis for Will?

“May I ask what’s on your mind?”

“You may,” Will said, watching Hannibal from across the table, “but I’m not sure you’re going to like my response.”

Through the flickering candlelight, Hannibal’s gaze remained still.

Will sighed. “I miss my wife.”

The shift in Hannibal’s expression was subtly terrifying. His lip twitched and his dark eyes narrowed. “I see.”

“I’m not going to apologize.”

“Why would you apologize?”

Will pushed back from the table, stood, and began pacing the room. “I can’t help the way that I feel.”

“Some of us possess more control over our emotions than others.”

Will stopped at the far side of the table and laughed. “And do you count yourself among them? He who lashes out and eats anyone who so much as looks at him sideways.”

“I haven’t eaten anyone in quite some time.”

Will approached Hannibal’s chair, gazing down at him. “You’re unbelievable.”

Hannibal shifted in his seat, meeting Will’s gaze. “Do you truly miss your wife? Or is what you’re missing the intimacy provided by your arrangement?”

“It wasn’t an *arrangement*. It was a marriage. Is.” Will huffed and shoved his hands deep into his pockets. “We’re not in therapy, so you can stop now.”

Hannibal nodded. “As you wish.”

“Don’t do that.”

Hannibal smirked. “Respect your wishes?”

Will swallowed, sighed, bunched his hands into fists inside his pockets. “I’m going to bed,” he said, turning away. “Goodnight.”

—

Will lay in the dark of his room, watching shadows move across the ceiling. There was a knock on the door, and then the sound of hinges creaking open.

“The point of knocking is to wait to be invited in,” Will said.

Through the dark, Hannibal’s smile came shining. “I’ll go if you ask me to.”

Will sighed. “Stay,” he said, sitting up and clicking on a lamp. “Sit.”

Hannibal sat at the foot of the bed, facing Will. “I’d like to propose that we resume your therapy.”

Will stared down at Hannibal’s hand, inching closer to his ankle, exposed and bare where his pant leg was riding up. “You’ve never been in my bed before. Not even back in Wolf Trap when you helped me dress and tucked me in.”

“It was the wrong time to test those particular boundaries.”

“And now?”

“Your decision to stay has left me feeling bolder.”

Will smirked. “A lack of boldness has never been your problem.”

Hannibal’s hand curved around Will’s bare ankle. Warm and grounding. “What do you miss about your wife?”

“Her smile.”

“What else?”

“You’re jealous.”

“Yes.”

Will pointed his toes, pressing up into Hannibal’s palm. “I missed you when I was with her.”

Hannibal moved his hand up Will’s leg, fingers disappearing beneath the fabric of his pajama bottoms. “What did you miss about me?”

“Your teeth,” Will said, licking his lips, gaze fixed on Hannibal’s mouth. “When you smile sometimes…” *I wonder what they would feel like on my skin*. Will couldn’t bring himself to say the words. He swallowed hard and moved his eyes down to the spot on his leg where

Hannibal's hand was resting. "When Molly would cook sometimes I'd see your hand around the knife."

"Do you see her hands when I cook for you?"

"No. I only see your hands."

Hannibal shifted, stood, was suddenly kneeling on the bed. Straddling Will's leg, crawling over him. Caging him in with his arms.

"Is this therapy?" Will said, Hannibal's lips drawing nearer.

Hannibal grazed Will's lips with his own, nipped at him with his teeth. "It's whatever you need it to be."

"Put your hands on me," Will said, and Hannibal's hands were there. On his face and around his neck.

Their lips came together, swallowing animal sounds. Hannibal nosed along Will's jaw, sucked kisses into his throat, moved down his body and shoved his t-shirt up to expose the long expanse of his belly scar.

"I loved you, even then," Will said, toes curling as Hannibal kissed along the ridge of his mark. "I loved you, and I let you kill me. I think I'd let you do anything."

"I'll never hurt you again," Hannibal said, gazing up at Will with a sharp grin. "Unless you ask me to."

Will spread his thighs wide, and Hannibal's mouth moved even lower still. He mouthed at Will's straining erection through his pants. "Yes," Will choked out, threading his fingers in Hannibal's hair. "Yes."

And then his pants were being tugged down and discarded to the floor. And Hannibal's mouth was on him again, swallowing him down. And his body was pulling taut, Hannibal's name dripping from his tongue like a broken song.

And then he was coming, and Hannibal moaned along with the desperate pulsing of Will's cock down his throat. And the world turned to stars, a brilliant supernova.

Hannibal's body curled around Will's side, touching him everywhere. Will came down from the high of his release, limp and sated, heaving chest finally stilling. "You're a much better therapist now than you used to be," he said, laughing.

"Should I pencil you in for the same time tomorrow?"

Will closed his eyes, pulling Hannibal nearer. "Tomorrow. And the next day. And the next…"

Chapter 50

Chapter Notes

Original prompts here.

The leaves had changed from green to gold seemingly overnight, and Hannibal wasted no time dragging Will out of bed at the first hints of sun that morning.

Will grumbled as he padded around the kitchen, steaming mug in hand, sipping his coffee and eying Hannibal through the curls falling into his eyes. “The birds aren’t even awake yet. Remind me again why I have to be?”

Hannibal smiled, brushing the curls back from Will’s brow and kissing him gently just beneath his scar. “Because the world has turned to gold,” he said. “And I didn’t buy you an orchard so that you could stay in bed all morning leaving the apples to rot on the ground.”

Will set his mug on the counter and pulled Hannibal close. “You bought me an orchard,” he said, “because I asked you to.” His lips grazed the flesh of Hannibal’s ear as he whispered, “And I wasn’t planning on staying in bed alone.”

Hannibal wound his arms around Will’s middle, fingers creeping down into the waistband of his pants. “I do so enjoy giving you anything your heart desires,” he purred into Will’s ear. “Indulge me now, and I promise to spend the rest of the day putting my mouth anywhere you ask me to.”

“Will you bake me a pie?”

“I’ll bake you as many as you’d like.”

Will smirked. “And will you wear the apron that I bought you?”

“Of course.”

“Good.”

Will pulled away, breathless, and went to the bedroom for a sweater and a pair of thick socks. Hannibal followed close behind and dressed in soft red cashmere, a sweater nearly identical to one he’d owned back in Baltimore.

They ventured out into the crisp morning air, baskets in hand, and plodded out toward the trees. Row after row of them, yellow-leaved branches dripping with red and yellow fruit.

Will plucked the first apple and pressed it to Hannibal’s lips. “Bite.”

Hannibal's teeth bit into the flesh of the apple, sending juices dribbling down his lips. Will licked the sweetness away, sealing Hannibal's mouthful with a kiss.

"Our own little Eden," Hannibal said.

"I guess that would make us the snakes."

Hannibal smiled at Will over his shoulder and set about plucking apple after apple, tossing them down into his basket. Will followed suit, though his attention remained more on Hannibal than the fruit. The curve of his spine through the crimson knit of his sweater. The way his silver hair shone softly in the sun.

Will set his basket, three-quarters full now, into the grass and plopped down beside it. "Come here," he said, reaching out to Hannibal, who was powerless to refuse the pull of Will's gaze.

Hannibal set his basket down and knelt between Will's knees, cradled his face, sealed his mouth in a kiss. "We're not quite through," he said, breaking the kiss.

"Yes. We are. And I believe you made me a promise."

Hannibal's dark eyes narrowed, his mouth upturned in a smile. "I did."

Will rucked up the bottom of his sweater, exposing his navel. "Here," he said, fingers grazing a spot just above his waistband.

Hannibal obliged, his hot mouth pressing a kiss to Will's flesh.

"Here." Will rucked up the sweater a bit more, exposing his scar, fingers grazing the seam of it.

Hannibal lavished the scar with his tongue, leaving Will breathless, his skin warmed in spite of the chill in the air.

"How do I taste?" Will asked.

"Sweeter than all the fruit in Eden," Hannibal said, hair falling into his eyes, dipping in for another taste.

Chapter 51

Chapter Notes

> Prompt: the day after the fall hannigram waking up together they barely managed to patch themselves up, but now they are all tangled together

It hurt to lie too close together, but the thought of leaving Hannibal's side left Will feeling hollow. Or perhaps he was only bloodless, well and truly, his veins having emptied into the sea.

They didn't speak so much as mumble, what was left of their bloodstreams a mess of narcotics. Before the drugs had come the stitches and the bandages and the pain. Hannibal was going to need surgery.

Light streamed in from a window somewhere in the room. A clock ticked away on the wall, its numbers melting from the face of it. Will draped his ankle over Hannibal's, threaded their fingers together. It seemed like the right thing to do.

Though hours previous, death had seemed the right thing for the both of them. Now, living seemed the only option.

"Will," Hannibal struggled to speak, turning his head just a little.

"Just rest," Will said, squeezing Hannibal's hand weakly.

"I want you to know… I am happy that you're here with me."

"I know. I know. Sleep."

The day dissolved into light and color, the ticking of a clock keeping time with their hearts. They dozed for hours, waking fully in the evening to take more medicine and sip water and check their wounds.

Hannibal sat on the edge of the bed with Will and took his hand, pressing a kiss to the center of his palm, his fingers. "Is this alright?" he asked with tired, hopeful eyes.

"It's alright," Will said, leaning in, softly kissing the corner of Hannibal's mouth.

Chapter 52

Chapter Notes

Original prompt here.

In the early afternoon Hannibal had arrived at Will's door, two shopping bags brimming with homemade chocolates and six large pumpkins in tow. Now, they sat out on the front porch, up to their elbows in pumpkin guts, dogs lazing all around.

"I can't believe you made all those chocolate bars. I get maybe 10 kids at my door on a good year."

Hannibal smiled, scooping out a glob of pumpkin seeds into his bowl. "That just means more for us."

Their pumpkins all scooped out, they began to carve. Hannibal cut into his the shapes of animal skulls and intricate feathers, while Will settled for something more traditional, carving out monsters and spooky faces.

By the time they'd finished with the pumpkins, it was nearing time for dinner. Hannibal made them stuffed acorn squash while Will made dinner for the dogs, and by the time they'd finished eating it was nearing time for trick-or-treating.

They left the dogs inside and went out onto the porch, lighting the jack o'lanterns and staggering them along the steps. It was a cold night, and their breath streamed in the air as they sat next to one another in Will's rickety chairs. Will poured them both glasses of bourbon and took one of Hannibal's chocolate bars in hand, its packaging ornate and delicate.

"You really went all out for these."

"A little something I do every year for the children back in Baltimore."

"Guess this year they're missing out."

"Not at all. I left plenty with my neighbors to distribute along with their own."

Will laughed and sipped his bourbon. "You're unreal."

They'd downed three bourbons each by the time their first trick-or-treaters arrived, a chicken and a bull accompanied by their mother. And by the time the next group of children arrived, they were both well and truly drunk.

“Thank you for coming over,” Will said, his elbow brushing Hannibal’s. Had Hannibal’s chair always been so close?

“You’re very welcome. Thank you for having me.”

Will turned his face to Hannibal, and like that their lips were coming together, the gentlest of kisses, tasting of bourbon and chocolate.

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